# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1961.


## "MY DEARLING."

### A Valentine.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

"My Dearling!"—thus, in days long fled,
In spite of creed, and court, and queen,
King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn—
The dearest pet name ever said,
And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game,—
She won a heart—so Henry said—
But ah, the price she gave instead!
Men's hearts, at best, are but a name—
She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something worth?
Not I; were I a maid unwed,
I'd rather have my own fair head
Than all the lovers on the earth,
Than all the hearts that ever bled!

"*My Dearling!*" with a love most true,
Having no fear of creed or queen,
I breathe that name my prayers between—
But it shall never bring to you
The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!

Feb. 14, 1859.

## THE SCOUT.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]


### CHAPTER V.

THE NEWS IN PHILADELPHIA.

There were anxious hearts in Philadelphia on the day of the battle. All work was suspended, and knots of men were gathered at the corners discussing the probable result of the engagement.

The firing could occasionally be heard, like the low muttering of distant thunder through the afternoon. The suspense grew almost unendurable, and its pressure was beginning to show itself in loud and angry talking among the squads which were collected in the streets, when one party who were in the neighborhood of the old Indian Queen Tavern in Fourth street were startled by the appearance of a single horseman, who turned into the street from Chestnut street, and came flying up to the tavern at the full speed of his horse. He checked him as he reached the door, and half sprang, half tumbled to the ground. It was Jem Gilmer. His face was pale and haggard, his dress was disordered; his left sleeve was stained with blood; and the sides of his gray horse were streaked with blood which had been drawn by his furious spurring, and which was creeping down through the white foam with which the powerful beast's flanks and belly were lathered in ghastly contrast.

Jem staggered as he touched the ground, and would have fallen backwards had not one of the men, who had crowded around him, caught his left arm. He winced under the gripe, and exclaimed,

"T'other arm, if you please."

The man let go, and passed his arm around his body just in time; for Jem leaned backwards more heavily, his knees bent under him, and his supporter, feeling him slipping downwards, looked into his face, and spoke sharply and suddenly to those around:

"Stand back! Give him air; he's fainted."

As usual everybody crowded around more closely than ever.

"Stand clear, I tell you!" said the burly blacksmith, for such he was, who had, by this time, raised Jem in his arms. "Stand away, and let me into the house with him; don't you see he's fainted?"

And the stalwart artisan strode forward, carrying him like a child, shouldering his way, treading with his ponderous feet and clouted shoes on the toes of all who obstructed his march, until he reached the bar-room, and laid his burden at length upon a settee.

Water was brought and plentifully sprinkled upon his face, his collar was loosed, and after all the disturbance that seems to be essential to the proper management of such cases, Jem opened his eyes, stared about him for a moment, and then sat up.

"What's the matter," said he, confusedly, "anybody hurt? Where's my—oh! I know now. Help me off with my coat somebody."

The blacksmith helped him draw his arm from the right sleeve as tenderly as a woman. When he took hold of the left sleeve Jem winced again, and set his teeth, and sucked his breath in through them with that sudden hissing sound which betokens intense pain.

"We must cut the sleeve," said the blacksmith. "Who has a pair of scissors?"

"Here they are," said the landlady, who had hurried into the room as soon as she heard that somebody had been taken sick, "here are mine; poor dear, how pale he looks;" and advancing to the settee, she took the scissors which were dangling by a steel chain from her waist, and applying them gently and cautiously, cut down the shoulder and sleeve, laying the coat and shirt entirely open.

The cause of Jem's fainting, of which he looked very unnecessarily ashamed, was at once apparent. Both coat and shirt sleeve, as well as the side of his waistcoat and the shirt under it, were completely saturated with blood; and on the fleshy part of the arm, just below the shoulder joint, was a ragged, blue edged puncture, which a moment's examination showed was clear through the arm.

"Why, he's wounded," said the landlady; "are you from the battle?"

"Yes," said Jem, faintly, for he was very weak, "give me some whiskey to stiffen me up, and I'll tell you the news."

"Is it safe for him to take whiskey, doctor?" asked the blacksmith, of a quiet, grave looking man, dressed in Quaker costume, who had just come in.

"Let me see him," said he; "ah! an ugly hole this; how did thee come by it?"

"It's a bagnet stab," said Jem.

"He's just come out of a swound, doctor," said one of the men who surrounded him; "he's lost a great deal of blood, and would have dropped in the street if Larkin here hadn't caught him and carried him in."

The doctor stood feeling Jem's pulse, and watching his face with a calm, grave look, for some time.

"Let him have some wine," he said, at length, "and get some bandages; this arm must be looked to."

The wine was instantly brought, and the landlady having gently washed the clotted blood from the wound, the physician applied the bandages; a pillow was brought for the patient to rest upon, and he lay down, with a long sigh of comfort.

"Does thee feel able to talk a little?" asked the doctor; "if thee feels too weak, thee had better lie still awhile first."

"Thank ye," said Jem, "I feel weak enough to be sure, but I can talk enough to tell all I have to say."

He then began, talking in a low, subdued tone, speaking slowly, and frequently stopping for breath, in remarkable contrast to the glib rattling way in which he had delivered himself of his speech on the porch rail of the tavern at Kennett, a few days before.

"I've rode straight from Brandywine," said he, "as fast as my horse would bring me, to carry bad news; we're whipped, root and branch!"

"Do you mean the Americans by we?" inquired one of the bystanders.

"Do I mean the Amer— Who are you?" said Jem, "Who the d—l else do you think I mean? Tory, I s'pose? Don't make me say things over twice; I've got no breath to spare. Well, we began at Chad's Ford and worked on up to Birming'am Meetin', and there we had it hot and heavy. The line broke on the right where Deborre commanded, and went on giving way till the whole army was disordered. I heard General Washington say all was lost, and give the order to retreat; then, thinks I to myself, I can't be any more use here, so I'll push for Philadelphy, and give 'em notice, and put up the country. By jing! I found the country was up, pretty completely, so I rode straight on till I got here; and anybody that don't want to make friends with the red-coats, had better clear out, for they'll be here as sure as shootin'."

"This is bad news, indeed, friend," said the doctor; "does thee know whether there was much slaughter?"

"Don't know," said Jem, "I couldn't see far around through the smoke, but I know they were lying pretty thick around where I was, near the graveyard wall."

"How did thee get wounded?" asked the doctor, who seemed to be tacitly appointed spokesman for the party.

"Got it from a granny's bagnet, as they charged over the graveyard wall," said Jem; "we had hard fightin' there for a while, but they were too many for us."

"What did you do when he stuck it through your arm?" inquired another of the party, curiously.

"Pulled myself off, twisted the gun out of his hands, and smashed his skull with the butt of it," said Jem, pithily; "I didn't feel it much then—I was too mad. We had to run for it; so, as soon as I could get out of the crowd, I caught a loose horse and came on. For the last ten miles it was as much as I could do to stick in the saddle."

"I should imagine so," said the physician, dryly, "with that leak in thy shoulder. Has thee any more to tell, for I want thee to get to bed and be as quiet as possible, so that I can manage the fever that I perceive is coming on."

"No," said Jem, languidly, for he was growing faint again, with the exertion of talking; "I don't know as I've any more; I feel mighty dauncy; I shouldn't wonder if I was goin' to make a die of it," he added, raising his head and looking dreamily around at the faces which were becoming misty and indistinct to his vision; and his head fell back again and he lay motionless.

"He's dead! Oh! he's dead!" exclaimed the landlady; and the good tender-hearted soul burst into tears, and wrung her hands.

"Dead!" exclaimed the blacksmith, and the word was echoed sorrowfully by all the group; "poor fellow! friends, we were wrong in making him talk so much now, instead of waiting till he was rested."

The doctor had stood close by him, and had been all the time watching him intently; he was now standing with his hand upon Jem's pulse, and as the blacksmith spoke, he looked around and said quietly,

"He is not dead; nor at all near it, from this wound at least, he has only swooned; but he must be put into bed at once, and kept as quiet as possible for a few days; he has lost too much blood and is too weak to be trifled with; has thee a room he can be taken to, Mary?" he inquired of the landlady.

"Sure," answered she, eagerly, "he shall have the best room in the house."

"Very well," said the doctor, "the sooner he is taken to it the better;" and, finding that Jem was reviving under the restoratives he had been busily applying while speaking, he gave directions for his treatment, and took his leave, saying he would call again in the morning.

The blacksmith stooped over Jem, and raising him in his strong arms as if he had been an infant, carried him softly and tenderly upstairs and placed him in the bed, leaving him to the care of the landlady, while he returned to the bar-room.

"Does anybody know his name?" he asked, as he entered the room again, "he is a stranger to me."

Nobody knew, and nobody had thought of inquiring, being all too much occupied with his situation, and with the news he brought.

That news was matter for serious consideration; the evil they had feared, was close upon them; they had heard stories, exaggerated, it is true, but still with far too much foundation, of the coarse brutality of the Hessians in particular, and of the reckless license of the soldiery generally. They had good reason to dread the effects of their occupying the city, as the following winter amply showed. After some farther conversation, they dispersed, some to their homes to make ready to remove their families at a moment's warning, others to go from street to street, and from tavern to tavern, to spread the sorrowful news. None thought of resistance, and there was a general feeling throughout the city, that the war was at an end.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH.

After accompanying the retreat of the army for some distance down the Wilmington Road, hurrying from party to party, and from squadron to squadron, in search of the Squire, but without success, Roney, for reasons I shall state hereafter, was confirmed in the opinion that his companion had been killed or wounded. As it was impossible to ascertain whether the latter was the case, at that time, he detached himself from the flying army and struck directly across the country for Thornbury, as fast as his wearied horse could carry him. Freckles had done good service that day, and had fully borne out the reputation that horses of his color have for spirit and endurance. He had been ridden hard in the morning before the battle, and during the severe fighting near the Meeting House, and had begun to show signs of distress. He did not flag, however, and cleared the first fence at which his master pushed him, as bravely as if he had just left the stable. But he was evidently laboring as he rose the slope in the meadow beyond, and he galloped much more heavily than usual, and once or twice blundered and nearly fell, on the smooth sod, a thing he had never done before. Roney saw that he was failing, and slackened his pace to a brisk canter, at which he kept steadily, for some time; but Roney, though as light and skillful a rider as Dick Turpin himself, soon saw that Freckles could not carry him far; that no horse that ever was foaled could stand the ride he had in view, after the tremendous labor he had previously performed. He accordingly headed him towards the house of a farmer in the neighborhood, a staunch Whig, with whom he was acquainted, hoping that he might be able to leave Freckles in his care, and procure a fresh horse.

By the time he reached the house, his gallant roan was completely exhausted, and when Roney dismounted, stood for a minute, while his master was hastily removing the saddle, with his sides heaving, and trembling violently, then suddenly staggered forward and fell to his knees, and then rolled over on his side and lay gasping. Roney got a bucket of water from the pump, and taking off the bridle, washed out his mouth, and busied himself in trying to revive him. He was so much occupied, that he did not see the farmer's wife, whose attention had been attracted by his stopping before the house, and who was now standing behind him, unwilling to disturb him, and waiting patiently until he should look up.

Roney was fortunately provided with a canteen of brandy, with which he bathed the horse's mouth and rubbed him vigorously, so long as it lasted. In short, Freckles was soon on his feet again, though in no condition for travel, and as his master looked around for some one who might take charge of him, and furnish him with the fresh horse he needed, he saw the farmer's wife. She had not recognized him at all, and started at the well known voice which came from the dusty figure and smoke-begrimed face, as he addressed her.

"Why, Roney Baldwin, is that thee? I *thought* it was somebody from the battle, and I kind o' thought I knew thy crestur' when he stopped; but I had no thought of seeing thee. Come in and rest thyself, and tell me what has happened."

"Much obliged, Hannah, but I can't stay. I found my horse couldn't carry me home, and came this way to see if I could borrow one of yours. Is James at home?"

"No," said Hannah, "he isn't; he rode out towards Birmingham two hours ago, to see the battle, and hasn't got back yet. Thee's welcome to a horse, but he has the only one we have at home—so thee will have to wait 'till he gets back. He said he wouldn't be gone long, and I'm looking for him every minute. Thee had better put up thy horse, and come into the house."

As this seemed to be about the best advice that could be given, under the circumstances, Roney acted upon it at once, and after rubbing down his horse, and taking advantage of the pump in the barn-yard to wash the dust and smoke from his face, returned to the house, a much more civilized looking being. When he entered the house, he found the table spread out, and the hospitable Hannah sitting at its head.

"There, Roney," said she, "I knew thee must be hungry after such hot work as thee's been through. Now reach to and help thyself, and while thee's eating, thee can tell me something about the battle."

Roney, whose appetite, sharpened by a tolerable fast and hard exercise, was becoming clamorous, seated himself at the table, and talked to Hannah, and answered her questions, as well as he could between the mouthfuls he was rapidly dispatching.

"Now, Roney," said Hannah, "tell me what a battle's like."

"Like a big noise covered up in a cloud of smoke," said Roney, laconically, having his mouth full of apple-pie at the moment.

And I don't know but it was as nearly correct as some longer comparisons I have read. It was a rather curt answer, considering that the good soul was doing her best to entertain him, and had been at some trouble to get the food ready for him, but he was anxious and worried about the Squire's fate, and was chafing at the delay; besides he was jaded and weary, and men under such circumstances, are not often what is called "good company." Hannah bore it very quietly, for she was good-natured and not easily rebuffed, and Roney himself, saw his impropriety in a moment.

"I didn't mean to be short, Hannah," said he, apologetically; "but I am bothered, and out of sorts. I am afraid Squire Chandler's killed, and I'm in a hurry to see his brother and tell him, so that we may go and search the field over, and find him, if it can be done."

"Well, never mind, Roney," said she, "I think thee's very excusable.

"To tell the truth," continued Roney, "a battle's such a hurly-burly, such a mussed up affair, that no man in it can tell much about what anybody but himself is doing. Just now, it is more like a dream to me than anything else."

"Well, I won't worrit thee now," said the kind-hearted woman; "maybe thee can tell me more some other time; for I really feel a great curiosity to hear about one from somebody that has been in one himself. But here comes James," she exclaimed, looking out of the window, and then opening the door as an elderly farmer came up the porch steps; "James, here's Roney Baldwin, just come from Brandywine; his horse gave out at the door, and he wants to borrow Bob to go on to Thornbury; he thinks Squire Chandler's killed, and is in a hurry to carry word to his brother."

"Squire Chandler killed!" exclaimed the farmer, who had by this time entered the room: "that will be sorrowful news to take home to Molly. What makes thee think so, Roney?"

"I saw him, or somebody that looked like him, as well as I could judge through the smoke, go down in the crowd, not far from where I was; I couldn't get to him to see, for just then I was forced in the opposite direction, with the party I was with; but can you lend me a horse? I am in a great hurry to get on."

"To be sure," said the farmer; "thee can take Bob; he is fresh enough to carry thee that far. Where is thy own horse?"

"I put him in the stable," answered Roney, "he was dead blown, and tumbled with me, right opposite the door; I think he'll be well enough, however, after a little rest."

"Well, I don't want to hurry thee, but it is getting dark, and if thee must go on, I think the sooner thee is on the road the better."

"So do I," said Roney, rising; "I am obliged to you, Hannah, for your kindness; you don't know how much better I feel for it; good-bye."

"Farewell, Roney," said Hannah (you never hear a Quaker say good-bye), "thee's quite welcome. I wish thee had lighter news to carry."

"I wish so myself, with all my heart," said Roney, "for my own sake and William Willson's, as well as the family's."

After taking a look at Freckles, who was quietly feeding, Roney then mounted Bob, who was a stout, serviceable farm-horse, very different from the greyhound-built Freckles, and touched him with the spur; a proceeding at which Bob, to whom it was entirely new, expressed his amazement by an angry snort and an extraordinary flourish of his tail and straddling fling of his hind legs, and then set off at a heavy gallop.

Nothing worth noting occurred during the remainder of the journey, and Roney soon arrived at the house of Joseph Chandler, a brother of the Squire, and, entering without ceremony, told him the heavy news.

Joseph, like his brother Richard, was a royalist in principle, but took no active part in the war; he was warmly attached to the Squire, however, notwithstanding the radical difference in their sentiments, and was at first completely overcome by the shock. He covered his bowed face with his hands, and struggled to recover his composure, while his wife, dropping her knitting into her lap, bent her head down upon the table, where she was sitting, and wept silently.

"My brother! my poor, misguided brother!" said Joseph, at last; "I was afraid it would come to this! He was always so rash and headstrong; and now he is killed! Oh, this terrible war! If it would only take off the scum of the country, I could see some good in it; but when it takes men like Thomas Chandler!—how shall I tell the news to Molly? It will break her heart! Oh, it's bitter, bitter! Did you see him killed, Roney?"

Roney told him, substantially, what I have already related, with regard to seeing him fall, stating more particularly, however, that he had seen a British trooper fire a pistol at him the instant before he fell.

"And what did you do, Roney Baldwin, when you saw my brother and your friend murdered?" exclaimed Chandler, fiercely.

"The man who did it will never fire another shot," answered Roney, calmly. "I couldn't reach him, as I told you, but my pistol ball did, and I saw him go backwards over his horse's rump."

"I beg your pardon, Roney," said Joseph, grasping his hand, warmly; "I might have known it. It was wrong for me to feel revengeful about it," added he, musingly; "but I couldn't help it. Now, what had better be done? Had I better go over at once to see Molly? She ought to know it."

"I wouldn't go yet," said Roney; "I think it would be better for you and me to start for Birmingham by daylight, and make sure of the matter before we distress her. I may possibly have been mistaken in the man, though I am afraid not."

"Yes," answered Joseph, "that would be the best plan, if you think there is any possibility of your being mistaken. I hope you are."

Having decided to wait till morning, the rest of the evening, until bed-time, was passed in conversation about the battle, Roney describing what he had seen of it, his separation from the Squire on the road, his meeting him again at the Meeting House, the desperate fighting around it, and the final retreat of the patriot army, saying little, however, of his own personal achievements, except as they were drawn from him by questions.

When the morning came, part of the last night's plan was reconsidered. It was determined to go first to the Squire's house and see whether anything had been heard of him, and if not, to take his wife with them in order the better to identify the body if it should be found.

They accordingly rode over in the first gray of the morning, and found Molly about her household duties. She bade them be seated, and began at once to inquire of Roney for news of her husband. She had not seen him, nor heard from him since the morning before, and knowing there had been a battle, she was anxious to know more.

Joseph broke the news he had brought as tenderly as possible, exhorting her to firmness under the trial, and was going on to state their plan of searching for the body, when she interrupted him by saying, with a tranquillity at which he was somewhat surprised,

"I don't think there will be much use in that, Joseph."

"Why not, Molly? He ought to have decent burial."

"I don't think he needs it," said she quietly; "unless I'm very much mistaken he was here last night after midnight."

"What makes you think so?" exclaimed both the men in a breath.

"Because I found the mare in the stall this morning, and the black horse gone. It must have been after midnight, for I know I didn't get to sleep 'till towards morning."

The two men hurried to the barn, and sure enough there was the mare; she had been hastily put in, reeking with sweat, and her usually glossy coat was rough and disordered, and stood sadly in need of the curry-comb; she had evidently been put away by some one who had no time to lose, for her halter was not even on her, but she was standing loose in the stall.

It did not seem likely that any one else could have changed the horses, but, still no one had seen the Squire, and his brother felt as if he would be better satisfied after having given the battle-field a thorough search. His restless anxiety finally communicated itself to Mrs. Chandler, and, in a few minutes more, they were on the road together, Molly riding on a pillion behind her brother-in-law.

Though Roney and Joseph Chandler were still unsatisfied as to the Squire's fate, their spirits were decidedly lightened by the appearance of things at his house; and they certainly had strong hopes that their search would prove unsuccessful.

As they passed along the Concord Road, and came opposite William Willson's house, they were hailed by the old man, who had seen them from the bank where he was standing, and who, when they stopped, in answer to his hail, came down to the road. He inquired eagerly about the battle, and looked very grave, as Roney in few words told him of the defeat of the Americans, and of the errand on which they were now going.

"Roney," he said, "thee was too conspicuous in the affair to make it safe for thee to go within reach of the British in the clothes thee wore yesterday; thee would most likely be known by some of the soldiers, and thee would be taken prisoner; thee must disguise thyself."

"No objection to that," said Roney, "if I had any disguise to put on."

"I will give thee what will answer the purpose," answered the farmer. "Abram is about thy size. Sam, go into the house and bring me Abram's coat and hat."

"Which, massa?" said Sam, "de meetin' ones?"

"Yes," said his master, "make haste."

Sam started off, chuckling to himself, turning a somerset or two on the way, and soliloquising; "De laws! Mass' Roney gwine t' w'ar Quaker coat! Wonder if he'll put his pistols in de Quaker pockets? An' Mass' Ab'm's new beaba' hat!" And Sam gave a long whistle, and relieved his overcharged feelings by turning upside down and walking to the door on his hands.

The clothes were soon produced, and Roney, divesting himself of his hat and coat, put on those which Sam had brought, taking care to shift his pistols, which the capacious pockets were amply sufficient to conceal.

"Don't thee disgrace thy shell by showing or using those things, Roney," said the farmer, "and don't sit in the saddle so much like a trooper; thy seat will betray thee if thee don't take care; slouch a little. What horse is that thee's got?"

"It's James Hammond's," answered Roney; "Freckles gave out, and I borrowed this one to come on with last night. He's a spirity beast; look at him;" and he touched him suddenly with the spur two or three times, producing a series of most extraordinary flourishes and gambols by the amazed and indignant Bob, who finally started off in a hard gallop down the road after Joseph and his companion who had ridden on in advance.

He overtook them in a few minutes, and the party then trotted quietly along, until they reached James Hammond's, where they stopped a few minutes, while Roney shifted the saddle to the back of his own horse, which was now as fresh as ever, and showed no ill effects from the fatigue of the previous day.

The gallant roan whinnied as Roney went up to him, and rubbed his head against him like a dog; and when his master mounted he neighed and pricked up his ears, and stood pawing with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, as though he remembered the stirring work he had gone through the day before, and was anxious to be at it again.

Hannah, who, with her husband, had been informed of the probability that the Squire had escaped, offered some consoling remarks to Mrs. Chandler, which were to be understood conditionally, and to take effect only in case the body should be found.

As they approached the field the marks of the battle became painfully evident in the trodden ground, the prostrate fences, smouldering heaps of furniture which the ruffianly soldiers had wantonly taken from the farm-houses, and broken up to cook their suppers with after the battle, and beds ripped open and partly burned, with the feathers scattered about on the wet ground, in the merest spirit of wanton destruction. Mrs. Chandler was a careful housekeeper, and I don't know whether this exhibition of reckless wastefulness did not affect her nearly as much as the sight of the dead bodies which were still lying exposed, there having been no time to bury them; not that she was wanting in feeling, but the death that was all around her was something so unusual, so entirely out of the way, so terrible, that her mind, preoccupied with her husband's fate, failed to grasp it; for it is a fact, that when the mind is occupied with some absorbing interest, it will, at the same time, mechanically, as it were, take note of little passing matters which lie in the track of its every day routine, while those out of this track, though of much greater importance, will, at the moment, make no apparent impression.

They were stopped by a sentinel. Joseph Chandler explained their errand, and after waiting till he was relieved, they passed within the lines and on to the Meeting House under his charge. The scene in front of the graveyard wall was sickening; but similar scenes have been so often described, that I will pass it by.

As they drew near the wall, Joseph Chandler inquired of Roney where he had seen the person he mentioned fall.

"Over there, just beyond the corner of the graveyard," said Roney, pointing to a confused heap of bodies which lay a short distance from the northeastern angle of the wall.

Joseph had spoken in a low tone, and Roney had answered in the same way, so that the soldier had not caught the words; but there was something about his gesture, coming in answer to the question, which seemed to indicate some previous knowledge of the spot, in connection with that heap of corpses. Then his horse seemed very unlike a staid farm beast, such as the very meek young friend Roney then appeared to be, would be apt to ride. Some vague, half-defined suspicion that he had seen that horse and rider before, was dawning upon his mind; but it was so very vague and misty, and being an English soldier, he was so exquisitely trained to his work, after the fashion of that day, that he never presumed to have even a distinct thought, when on duty, unless he was ordered to have it, that he only stood stolidly, looking now at Roney, now at Freckles, but giving himself no trouble about verifying suspicions which were not included in his orders. Roney and Joseph dismounted, and, leaving Molly on the pillion, approached the heap of bodies, turning them over and removing them carefully and tenderly. Joseph at last uttered a sudden exclamation. He had exposed to view a body which, in general appearance, was certainly marvellously like his brother. It had the same square, powerful


[*Continued on Fourth Page.*]

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.


### TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

### TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

| | |
|---|---|
| G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c. | Mary Howitt. |
| T. S. Arthur. | Grace Greenwood. |
| Emma Alice Browne. | Florence Percy. |
| Author of "Letters from Paris." | Martha Russell. |
| | Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise," &c. |

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

**$1,880.00!**

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

### CITY RAILROADS.

It is to be regretted that the legislators of the great State of Pennsylvania, assembled at Harrisburg, should be compelled to devote so much of their time and attention—to say nothing of their temper—to such an apparently trifling matter as the incorporation of companies to construct horse car railroads through the streets of Philadelphia. A recent letter from Harrisburg says:—

The excitement created by the rival passenger railroad projects has never been equalled, not even by the bill to sell the Main Line, or by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad scheme. The House has been in hot water for the past few days. Personalities of the most offensive character have been freely indulged in. The leaders of opposing factions behaved as if the most vital principle—or interest—was involved in the question as to which party would win the much coveted Fourth and Eighth Street road.

The great "excitement" described above—apparently so disproportioned to the importance of the question involved—is calculated rather to confirm than otherwise, the notion now unhappily so prevalent that money is unscrupulously used to affect the course of legislation. These city railroads have proved to be so lucrative, that rival companies would not scruple, it is supposed, to pay large sums for the purpose of securing what are considered to be advantageous routes. And persons who have little faith in the integrity of our representatives at Harrisburg, and the number of such is not small, would hardly scruple to compare the excitement at present prevailing among them, to that which is seen among a pack of hounds, when the fox is held up by the huntsman before their very noses.

And yet it were the easiest thing in the world, for the Legislature to put an end to all this excitement. These roads are laid through streets which have been donated, graded and otherwise prepared for the laying of the rails, by the citizens of Philadelphia. This being the case, our citizens have a right to demand that they shall be furnished with the facilities of travel on these roads, built on their own ground, and encumbering their own thoroughfares, at as cheap a rate as possible. Now, it is evident that the present rate of five cents, will pay much more than a fair dividend on the capital invested in these city roads. This having been proved to be the case, the charters of all companies hereafter incorporated, should contain a provision fixing three cents as the maximum charge for passengers. Such a provision, we think, would at once lessen the excitement relative to the coveted Fourth and Eighth street route. Parties greedy of exorbitant gains, and who are now ready to squander money in all directions to secure a charter, would be speedily brought to their senses by such a provision. And yet we have little doubt that, even at three cents, a Fourth and Eighth street line would pay a fair rate of interest; and the people of Philadelphia, to whom the streets belong, have a right to demand that no more than this should be exacted from them. We commend these considerations to the earnest attention, and speedy action, of our citizens.

---

Legal Assiveness.—Mr. B. F. Butler, a lawyer of Boston, is somewhat noted, it is said, for his severity in examining witnesses. A correspondent of the Century relates:—

"He was lately engaged in a legal case, in which Prof. Horsford of Cambridge, was one of the witnesses. When Butler came to cross-examine him, he began in his usual style of unceremonious ferocity. The Judge mildly interposed, and said perhaps Brother Butler didn't know who the witness was; it was Prof. Horsford—Professor of Harvard College. 'Oh, yes!' mumbled Butler, as he leisurely stroked his chin, 'Prof. Horsford! Harvard Professor! Professor of Harvard College! Yes, we *hung one of 'em tother day!*'"

Very sarcastic, doubtless; and very impertinent and abusive, too. It certainly does not raise Mr. Butler in our opinion, that he could be guilty of such an ungentlemanly allusion in a court of Justice. A lawyer was knocked down in this city several years ago, *for* abusing his privileges in a somewhat similar manner—and the verdict of the community was, "served him right." The lawyer talked of prosecuting, but was glad to abandon the case, and cry "quits." Professor Horsford, if we are not misinformed, is a gentleman whose high character and unspotted life should have secured him from such an insult.

---

☞ We observe that a recent number of the Historical Magazine, opens with several letters by Washington, hitherto unpublished. As the Historical Magazine does not puff and blazon this fact far and wide, probably not ten men will buy the number in question to read those letters. Some publishers would have advertised them, in startling capitals, from one end of the Union to the other, and sold thousands of copies thereby—for there are always thousands of silly mortals who suppose that the amount of cackling is necessarily in proportion to the size and quality of the egg. But the publisher of the Historical Magazine probably knew very well, that all that is important in the correspondence of Washington has been already published—and why should he go in for making more fools in the world than there are already?

### QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

Bird. Audubon's is "the best work on *American* ornithology." He was not only a keen and patient observer, and devoted to the investigation of this subject, but a man of genius also. His descriptions are pictures, and his pictures the birds themselves.

P. S. K. The chances of getting into a situation as clerk or salesman, in this city, are not very good at present—the supply being considerably greater than the demand. Still you may have as good a chance of success as anybody else, for all we know. There is always room in every occupation, business or profession, however crowded, for those who possess more than the average ability to fulfill its duties. If a man can even stand on his head better and longer than anybody else, he may make a fortune out of his superiority in that respect. But the lot of mediocre people, in every occupation, is apt to be a hard one. They find it difficult to obtain situations, and difficult to keep them. The world, for this reason, would seem to be constructed by a hard taskmaster—one sternly impatient of ignorance and weakness and all kinds of inability. And yet the great end of the improvement of the race, individually and collectively, is doubtless best attained in this way,—and thus we see wisdom and beneficence where, at first view, we had only seen an unmerciful harshness.

Bessie. You are right—cold cream *should* not be made of lard. It should be made of spermaceti, white wax, and almond oil. If any of our country readers wish to make it, to save themselves the trouble of buying, and the risk of getting an inferior article, we will tell them how to do so. Take half an ounce of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and three ounces of almond oil—also three ounces of rose water, or some other scent. Put the three in a basin, or other tin vessel, and then fuse them together by putting it into warm water. Upon being allowed to cool, you will have a good article of cold cream, better than either lard or tallow for chapped lips, hands, &c. They do say though, in some country places, that "two lip salve" is the best, or at least the most pleasant application for chapped lips—but we are inclined to think that the relief from its use is but temporary, and simply promotive of a desire for renewed applications. Bessie however probably knows more upon this point than we can tell her.

A. T. S. We know no cure for near-sightedness, we wish we did. The plan proposed some years ago, of rubbing the eye, is more likely to injure than improve the sight. We have a friend who persevered in the practice for years, and he gives his judgment decisively against it. He says that decidedly more evil than good results therefrom. In fact the eye is such a delicate organ, that it is dangerous to tamper with it. It is not generally considered injurious to wear glasses—though some persons, like ourselves, cannot do it—but care must be taken that the glasses be not the least too "strong," as it is termed, for the eye. If they are not just right, they had better be rather too weak than otherwise. As to the unpleasantness of being near-sighted, no one can tell us anything. You are constantly passing friends and acquaintances without recognition, and thus affronting all who do not know your infirmity;—and even in the case of those who do know it, they see you so plainly, and you seem to see them so plainly, that often they evidently do not more than half credit your excuse that you did not recognise them. The best plan that we know is to speak to everybody who dares even to glance towards you. This plan also has its dangers—for ladies sometimes resent a bow from one who they are certain has never been introduced to them, as a mere piece of impertinence. It would be very unpleasant, moreover, to receive a message from some irascible husband or lover—brothers, fortunately, are generally more reasonable—asking either an immediate apology, or a hostile meeting. On the whole, however, it is better to risk the chance of being considered forward and impertinent by strangers, than of being regarded as cold and uncivil by your friends. Especially if you are running for any office—a dangerous position for a near-sighted man, for how is it possible that such an one should be popular?—you had better nod, bow, and shake hands, if need be, in all directions. Imitate the physicians and the darkies—we trust neither class will take offence by being coupled with the other—who make it an invariable rule to speak when any one looks at them. In this way—if you are a man of any mark—you may make your infirmity a stepping-stone into the general good graces—though, on the other hand, if you are, in the common opinion, "no great shakes," your attentions would probably be regarded as anything but flattering. On the whole, therefore—considering these many evils of near-sightedness, we would conclude by advising you to wear spectacles; that is, if they do not hurt your eyes, and your wife or sweetheart does not consider that they spoil your beauty.

Widow. We think it a waste of time to answer your questions—if you are really and truly a widow, you probably know more upon those subjects than we are able to tell you.

M. C. H. We are sorry the paper was stopped. We trust it comes now all right. The back numbers were sent.

Naturalist. Probably our contemporaries of the Public Ledger, of this city, could give you some information upon the subject of carrier pigeons. We believe they once attempted to beat the well-known "pony express" with them. The pigeons succeeded in carrying away a little of their loose change, and that, we believe, was about all the carrying they did for them. Whether carrier pigeons are ever used by speculators in the stocks now-a-days, we are unable to say. Of course, they would be useless where telegraph lines are in operation—because, as fast as a pigeon flies, electricity flies faster.

Novelist. The Indian, the *original* Indian, if we may use the term, probably is neither so noble a being as he has been painted by Cooper, or so degraded as he is often represented by the western editors. Doubtless these latter describe him as they see him; but it must be remembered that, so far, the Indian has acquired little of our civilization except the vices. That there was a solid groundwork for the idealizations of Cooper, is proven by what we know of the highest Indian character, as displayed in the instances of King Philip, Miantonomoh, Logan, Tecumseh, and Red Jacket; and probably Cooper has drawn no Indian superior to either of these, as he really existed. Certainly the nature from which flowed the famous appeal of Logan, and the forcible and sarcastic answer of Red Jacket to the Missionaries, must, in its highest estate, have been worthy of being thus embalmed in the deathless pages of the greatest American novelist.

Inquirer. Doubtless the hand writing generally *indicates* the man—but the indication often is of such a slight character, that it will not do to rely upon it at all. Some years since, Mr. E. A. Poe published an article, giving the signatures of a large number of prominent persons, and pointing out the agreement between their hand-writing and their characters—but, in our opinion, it only proved the unreliability of the whole system. Consider for a moment this fact—that a man's business, we mean the use to which his hand is put in his business, may very greatly affect the character of his writing. Thus a farmer or a mechanic will be apt, from the very nature of his daily occupations, to write a stiffer, less polished, more awkward hand than the clerk, merchant or scrivener—and the difference in the writing, in this case, would denote to a great degree, merely the difference of the occupations, not the difference of the minds. We do not contend that the character does not affect the hand-writing at all, but simply that it is only one of a number of things that affect it—and the difficulty in telling what is the result of the peculiar character, and what the result of the peculiar occupation, the writer's want of practice, &c., renders the value of the writing as an indication of the intellectual and moral nature, almost nothing at all. It is often easy to see a man's character in his hand-writing, when you know what his character is, and from that has probably arisen the idea that you could discern the man in his writing, when you had no other means of knowing what he was.

Miss Milla C. Respectfully declined.

Witherbee, C. M. Your poem has merit, but the refrain that terminates each stanza is a grievous defect, injuring both the harmony and the melody of the rhythm. Cannot you alter this? The refrain to be cut off, and its sense incorporated in the body of the poem.

Respectfully Declined: "Doubting;" "The Power of Hope;" "A Heavenly Trance;" and "The Child's Dream."

---

☞ Since the publication of the late statistics relative to the health—or rather the want of health—of New York, a contemporary surmises that persons hereafter wishing to commit suicide, instead of taking laudanum, strychnine or arsenic, will simply visit that city.

☞ A Norman Superstition.—The most interesting of all the Norman ghosts that frequent the wooded dells are the *fetiches*. These melancholy sprites are unbaptised infants, who, being placed in an awkward dilemma for lack of the baptismal certificate, are not qualified even for purgatory, and are condemned till the day of judgment to float up and down between heaven and hell. Their appeals for admission to the former place are understood to be perfectly fruitless; but whether, in their infantine despair, they have ever made a similar application at the latter, has not, I believe, been ascertained.—*Wayside Pictures.*

The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of justice and the glory,
Where it may kill with right to save with pity.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

☞ When the Almighty made an ape a respectable animal was produced, but when man makes an ape of himself, he is only contemptible.—*Dr. Romeyn.*

☞ Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ Grisi and Mario, it is known, have children. Grisi, it would seem by an anecdote told of her at St. Petersburg, is as ready with her wit as her voice. Walking out one day with her children, she encountered the late Emperor, who, graciously saluting her, said, facetiously, "Are these your little *Grisettes?*" "No, your Majesty," she replied, "they are my *Marionettes!*"

## LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1859.

*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*

Dear Sir:—I left Columbus yesterday afternoon,—stopped over night at the pleasant little city of Delaware, and came on by the six o'clock train this morning—getting up and breakfasting at the unearthly hour of five—being too frantic for my daughter to wait for the afternoon train. Never did a journey seem so insufferably tedious to me. The route at no season very interesting, or picturesque, looked doubly dull and flat in its winter undress, and we seemed to creep along with the slowness of an old-fashioned coach. But I suppose if I could have been flashed along the telegraph-wire, I should have found the journey none too brief. My wish would have out-run the lightning.

By the way, that same telegraph-wire was what kept me alive, hearty and tolerably jolly, during my unprecedented separation from my better self. It seemed a mighty feeler, thrust out by my heart, stretching back through the distance, and giving me daily assurance of the safety of my beloved little lady, not by sharp electric shocks, but in delicious thrills of joy and gratitude. Blessed be Morse and his seed forever! Yet it is a pity his beneficent invention should ever be perverted by merciless editors and publishers, who set the lightning on the scent of delinquent contributors and vagrant correspondents—using the fire for the stealing of which Prometheus writhed under the beak of the vulture, and groaned to the mocking gods, on Caucasus, to flash along the lines, a maddening cry for "copy."

On the afternoon of the day I wrote you from Columbus, we visited the Capitol and the Insane Asylum.

The former is an immense structure, and is now nearly finished. It is built with the utmost solidity and massiveness, of a beautiful native stone, and would be very imposing, but for its site. It needs to stand on an eminence. Where it is, it seems too broad for its height, and has something of a squat appearance. The great stairway is built on the self-sustaining plan, like those at Girard College. I was told that doubts were for a time entertained for its safety, and to settle the point, several hundred of the state convicts were packed upon it, as closely as they could stand. Rather a cool proceeding I must say. It bore them up, however, heavy hearts, burdens of shame, rascality and all;—so should there ever be a sudden stampede of both houses of the Legislature, we may hope it will be equal to the emergency.

We visited both of the Honorable bodies—heard some good speaking—saw some able, intelligent, patriotic, honest looking men, and others who bore the stamp of politicians and demagogues by predestination, and who, I should say, unless arrested in their downward course by some signal interposition of Providence, are in imminent danger of being sent to Washington.

From the Capitol, we drove out to the Insane Asylum. The President of the Institution, Dr. Hills, received us most courteously, and conducted us over the entire establishment—giving us all the information we could desire, and more than we should have presumed to ask.

In the first hall of the female department, we were met by a lady, who conversed with us very pleasantly and intelligently, and whom I took for one of the Matrons. She was, however, a patient—subject to quite violent attacks of frenzy—the Doctor told us.

In the second hall, we saw, sitting on a sofa, two old ladies, of at least seventy, but smiling, nodding, and chattering in a pleasant hallucination of youth—enjoying a happy and harmless second girlhood. The Doctor asked them their ages. "About fifteen," said one—"Nigh on to seventeen," said the other.

At the Cleveland Asylum is a patient, a lady of middle life, under the happy spell of a similar illusion. She sits in an arm-chair, and rocks herself all day—smiling around her most complacently, and talking incessantly, telling the most amusing and enormous stories, of which she is ever the heroine. She crosses her tracks continually, yet when reminded of it, never shows the slightest confusion. To a visitor she once gave her age as eighteen, and soon after spoke of having a daughter married. "Why," said the lady, "that is rather a singular circumstance—so young, yet the mother of a daughter old enough to be married!" "Yes, ma'am," replied the romancer, coolly rocking away, "it's not very common."

Every form of insanity that falls short of violent raving, was represented in this and the adjoining hall. One patient, a young and fine-looking woman, who had gone mad from the loss of a child, I believe, sat on the floor in an attitude of profound despair, a great mass of silky black hair falling on her shoulders, and shading her dark, still face—nature's mourning veil. Near her, prone upon the floor, with her face against the wall, lay a slight, girlish figure, still as death, but for a low, sob-like sigh, which now and then heaved her breast—the sullen, subsiding swell of some mighty passion, or sorrow.

A blue-eyed little German woman came up to the Doctor, and in the most touching, sorrowful manner, begged to be let out, saying—"I have packed my trunk—I am all ready—I *must* go home to my children." With that last word, her tender blue eyes filled with tears, and looked like the "Forget-me-Nots" of her native land—dashed with dew.

This poor young creature had lost God's highest gift of reason, in losing Beelzebub's sorry gift of a worthless, heartless husband, who had deserted her and her babes. Strange, the perverse, pertinacious constancy of woman's affection manward! Only the blind, humble, all-enduring faithfulness of dogs, and the divine charity of angels, can parallel it.

The Doctor took us to the only two cells then occupied, and we looked in for a moment on the wretched inmates—the two most unmanageable female patients. One of these, a fearful looking creature, answering perfectly my idea of one possessed of a demon, went mad nearly two years ago, from giving way to a violent fit of passion, and has been raving and blaspheming ever since. I shall never forget her face—darkened and convulsed with fury—the purple lips foaming with blasphemies—the cropped hair which seemed bristling with rage, and that dreadful fiend-glare of the blood-shot eyes. Yet this was a wife and a mother!

"Is she not a perfectly hopeless case?" I asked of the physician, as I turned away, shuddering.

"Yes, I fear so," was the reply. "And yet I cannot tell; bad as she is, she is better than she was at first. She preserves some human sympathies, and has brief times of quiet. At such seasons I give her books and magazines, and she reads them and takes good care of them."

At this I thanked God for my sister in torment, to whom the merciful drop of water had been given, and invoked a blessing on books, as divine exorcisers of the demons of disease and despair.

Opening from all the halls are pleasant little sitting-rooms, in which we found patients at work, quiet and apparently happy. All the patients here, whatever their former position or circumstances, are supported by the State—a wise and humane regulation which must prevent all distinctions in treatment, or living,—all envy, or sense of humiliation.

In the first hall of the male department, I was startled and pained to find a pale, slender boy, of not more than thirteen, or fourteen. He was a lad of uncommon intellect, and had been *driven* into insanity by the forcing and cramming system of his tutor. A fearful lesson to teachers and parents.

In the next hall, we were introduced to quite a distinguished personage—a demented poet, who, for some fifteen years, has been well known in this region as "the Buckeye Bard." He has but lately become an inmate of the institution. His is a hopeless case I believe, but his lunacy is of the least melancholy character imaginable. If all who insanely fancy themselves great poets were as happy and harmless as he,—and as comfortably disposed of out of the world's way, it were well for them and us.

The Buckeye Bard is a fine, striking looking man of about fifty, with a fresh face set off by a mass of silvery white hair. He dresses well, and has no mark of insanity in his appearance, save an intensified "fine frenzy" in the eye. He is very courteous in his address, though rather condescending. His thoughts and his talk run continually on his poems. It was very amusing to hear him discourse on this inspiring theme, and more amusing to observe the other patients, who crowded around us with smiles, and nods, and knowing winks; enjoying to the utmost his solemn absurdities—all alive to his crazy fancies, and happily oblivious of their own. He greeted us with a bland, yet supernal stateliness—Goethe could not have done the thing better.

"I have heard your fictitious name before, sir," I remarked, on our introduction.

"Of course, you have heard it," he replied, "but pardon me, madam, it is no *nom-de-plume*,—it is a regular denominative name. I was born a Bard. You are a poet, I hear. How many styles can you write in?—About two, I suppose. *I* write in seven distinct styles—being a Bard, which is several degrees higher than a poet. But we can't all be Bards,—there's a limited number of *them*. I write upon the beauties of nature—of Ohio nature, in particular. 'Amelia' writes upon the beauties of nature, too—of Kentucky nature.—I saw 'Amelia' once—in Louisville—only her back—couldn't see her face, being behind her. She's got a good back, though, and a pretty ancle. Hope she keeps on writing—haven't seen anything from her lately."

"I am *sorry* to have to tell you, sir, that 'Amelia' is dead," I replied.

"Dead! that's a pity.—I'm sorry now that I didn't manage to get a look at her face.—And so you've travelled a good deal—been to England!"

"Yes."

"Went by water, I suppose.—Did you see Queen *Victory?*"

"Yes, and the Prince, her husband," I replied.

"Her *daughter's* husband you mean. She's a widow—Queen Victory is—lost her husband several years ago—has just married off her daughter,—the young woman has done very well, I'm glad to hear."

"I think you are mistaken," I said, "Prince Albert had the measles rather hard, but happily recovered, and is still living."

"Indeed! then how did the report get out? Well, I hope he won't object to my sending the Queen my poetry. I sent her a poem of fifty pages a while ago—expect to receive about twenty thousand dollars for it. Am going to England myself next spring."

"I would certainly do so—were I you," I said—"and go down to Windsor to see the Queen."

"Well, that depends on circumstances—if she sends me the twenty thousand for my poem—and I don't see how she can well get out of it—I'll call and see her;—but it don't do to count your chickens before they are hatched, you know."

Oh, the marvellous wisdom of madness.

This amusing and memorable interview was wound up by a recitation by the Bard, of one of his latest poems—the queerest, craziest thing imaginable, containing not one line of sense, but musical as the hurry-scurry, topsy-turvy song of the Bob-o-link.

On Sunday morning, we attended service in the Chapel of the Penitentiary. It was a sad and solemn sight to behold—that great congregation of convicted transgressors, taken from all classes of society, clad in that dreadful, levelling uniform, as though beaten with many stripes by stern justice and hard fortune, listening to the wondrous story of Divine love and mercy, to proffers of redemption and the glorious liberty of God.

Most of the auditors seemed attentive and interested—some deeply thoughtful, but others looked absent and sullenly indifferent, as though brooding over their hard lot, and nursing in their secret hearts, a vengeful wrath against society. To look over them, and think what they had been, what they might have been, what they were, was inexpressibly painful. The thought of those shattered lives, those murdered and mangled hopes and powers, was sadder than the sight of a beach, strewn with wrecks of gallant vessels—of a battle field heaped with the slain.

The clerical bigamist I mentioned in my last, sat opposite us, and I observed that he eyed the chaplain and the pulpit, that respectable height from which he himself had fallen, with a look of scowling envy, which seemed to say, "I, too, once dwelt in Arcadia."

I afterwards heard that this fallen brother was once considered "a shining light" in his church. He visited Italy, and on his return, delivered stirring philippics against the Catholics. He bore down with especial severity on the sins of the Roman priesthood. He went farther than most men in his condemnation of the celibacy of the clergy; then, in his preaching, and afterwards in his practice.

All the prisoners were clean and neat—with their hair well brushed, several of the young men I observed, having it quite daintily disposed, and carefully parted down behind. Query—Does the State provide extra mirrors for the back hair? It were as charitable an indulgence to young dandies, as the tobacco ration to old slaves of the weed.

I was pained to hear a frightful amount of coughing during service. The prison is very damp, and badly ventilated, and in spite of the efforts of the officers, unhealthy. At this season rheumatic affections and diseases of the throat and lungs are very common. Unless the State is willing that its unfortunate convicts shall be choked by the hangman diseases of asthma and quinsy, racked by rheumatism, torn by the hot pincers of neuralgia, put to a lingering death by consumption, it should build a new penitentiary—as comfortable, if not as grand as the Capitol.

The services were impressively conducted, and the hymns sounded as solemn to me, sung by those poor sinners, in penitential garments, as they had ever sounded from the pure lips of respectable saints in silk and broadcloth.

On Monday morning we visited the Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind. Though greatly interested in both these institutions, which seemed to me admirably managed, I have only time for a passing notice of them. I was particularly interested in seeing the mutes talk by signs—not by the slow process of spelling out all the words, with the fingers, but by the new and more rapid system of gesticulation. They have signs for words and ideas—so accurate and expressive, that this strikes one as the primitive human language—in vogue before men—or more likely the quick wit of woman, found out the use of the tongue.

Among the patients at the Blind Asylum, was a pretty little boy from our city, who was suffering from *gutta-serena*, and whose eyes gave but slight indication of their deathly darkening. He was one day watching with his mother, apparently in perfect health, when he suddenly exclaimed that it was *dark*, that he could not see. It was as though he had been struck blind by lightning. Oh, the more fearful darkness which at that moment must have fallen on that poor mother's heart!

Another patient — the only one I could smile in looking upon, was a fanny, fat little girl, totally blind, but the happiest looking child I ever saw. I watched her for some minutes, as she waddled up and down one of the school-rooms, at recess, singing to herself right cheerily. I could not have believed that a sightless face could be so bright. It seemed that the windows of her soul being so firmly closed, the great happy light of life within has made its way through countless little unsuspected chinks, to irradiate the face, which shines, not perhaps like the face of an angel, but with what here is still more comforting—a jolly human contentment. I shall never forget that quaint, chubby little creature—her cheerful acceptance of misfortune—her healthy, hearty hold on her poor half of life. Only heaven can contain her happiness when she finds her eyes.

---

Philadelphia—(Thank Heaven!)
*February 14th*, 1859.

We reached home on the 12th, thoroughly worn out and disgusted with winter journeying. After my last writing at Cleveland, I paid a brief visit to Painesville, a beautiful town, and crowded a great amount of pleasure into a few bright hours. On our way home, we stopped at Massillon, Ohio, and at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, our old home—to visit some dear old friends—thus making the journey as easy as possible, under wintry and other unpropitious circumstances.

At Massillon, I visited an excellent charitable institution—very peculiar in some of its features—and called the "Rotch School," after the founder, Charity Rotch, a blessed old Quaker lady. Of this, I will take, or make occasion to speak hereafter.

We spent twenty-four hours in Pittsburg—which we found with its grimiest face on. But the faces of our kind friends shone with a welcoming, consoling light, and we soon forgot our gloomy and sooty surroundings. Were it not for its pleasant social life, which shines with a double brilliancy for its dark setting, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," Pittsburg would be at this season of the year, a most foul and fearful place of sojourn—the great coal-hole of the world;—and, coming to bright, cleanly, airy Philadelphia, through "the smoky city," would be like passing into Elysium through Tartarus.

Now for "City Sights and Thoughts"—as soon as I can get the time to see the sights—get rested enough to think the thoughts.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

---

☞ A recent number of the Boston Evening Transcript contains the following charming little poem, contributed to that journal by Whittier:—

You ask a merrier strain of me—
The shepherd pipe of Aready,
The vintage hymn, the hunter's horn,
The reaper's carol from the corn!

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall thrill the smitten strings;
Fate holds and guides the hand of Art,
And lips must answer to the heart.

In shadow now, and now in sun,
As runs the life the song must run;
But, glad or sad, to God's good end
Doubt not the varying streams shall tend.

☞ He that defers his charity till he is dead, is rather liberal of another man's than his own.—*Bacon.*

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Panic Subsiding—An Imperial Bride—Oyster Gardens—A Relic of Other Times—A Happy Thought.

*Paris, January 20, 1859.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

The possibility of war is still the leading topic here; but notwithstanding the symptoms regarded as indicative of danger, and the reinforcements of the Austrian army in Italy, a belief that the "peace" of Europe is not immediately threatened is gaining ground. Neither Austria nor Russia are in a condition to rush lightly into war; and public sentiment in this country is decidedly averse to a policy which would interfere with the growing industry which the present Government has been so active in fostering, and without yielding any compensation for the infliction of so great an evil. It is clear that if France and Russia should join in a war of conquest, all the rest of Europe would league against them; if they went to war simply in a spirit of chivalrous devotion to the cause of Constitutional Reform in Italy, (supposing such a step possible on the part of two absolute Powers!) abstaining from all selfish aims in the work thus undertaken, they would be compelled to pay their own pipers, Italy being in no position to relieve them of this necessary expense. However vain the French may be of their army, and however glibly they may talk of themselves as the torchbearers of Liberty, and the Enfranchisers of Peoples, they have no sort of wish to incur any such onerous responsibility. That Europe will go on for ever in outward quietude, while so many discordant interests are striving for manifestation, is neither to be supposed nor desired; and if rational reforms are indefinitely postponed by the ruling classes, sooner or later the convulsion must come. But it is very doubtful whether Italy is prepared at this time to forget its ancient intestinal feuds, and unite in an effort for freedom; and until this point shall be attained, it is clear that foreign intervention, even if unselfish, could do nothing for its regeneration. Austria's reluctance to comply with the provisions of the Treaty of Paris in regard to the navigation of the Danube and the affairs of the Principalities will probably give diplomatists some trouble; but it may well be hoped, by all friends of sound and genuine progress, that diplomacy may suffice to ward off the present danger, and that the steady improvement of public opinion, and the growth of patriotic feeling, in Italy, may have brought the people of that country to a better state of preparation for profiting by the chances of an appeal to the sword before such an appeal shall become inevitable.

Meantime Prince Napoleon is gone to Turin, where his betrothal is about to take place. The Princess Clotilda is tall and very handsome, strikingly resembling the Empress Maria Theresa, whose descendant she is. Her mother was considered to be the most beautiful princess in Europe; and she herself, when she shall have attained the maturity of her beauty, (she is now only sixteen) will be, it is thought, as handsome as her deceased mother. King Victor Emmanuel has received his Imperial son-in-law elect, with the greatest *eclat*; and grand dinners, balls, and illuminations are being got up in the capital of his spirited little country with a zeal worthy of a more extensive revenue. Prince Napoleon, who is thirty-six, stout, and the image of his great uncle, *minus* the look of genius which constituted the distinguishing characteristic of his personal appearance, has hitherto been a most persistent and irritating "thorn" in the side of his Imperial relative, whom he has thwarted and annoyed to the utmost of his power. But since the Emperor has raised him to the Governorship of Algiers, the Prince has come over to his party; the recent change in the Emperor's policy towards the clerical party, whom he has hitherto flattered, but to whom he is now beginning to "turn the cold shoulder," has still farther propitiated the Prince, who detests the priests; and this marriage will doubtless cement the good understanding thus arrived at. The new couple will reside in the Palais Royal, the Prince's usual abode; his palace in the Avenue Montague, which he is about to beautify, and in which he will place the various collections he has made in his travels, he will present to the Princess, and it will be used by them as a sort of retiring-place, where they may occasionally repose from the fatigues of public life.

Upholsterers and decorators are also busy in the pretty palace of the Elysee, (the favorite residence of Napoleon I.) which is to be the abode of the court during the next two winters, while the Chateau of the Tuileries is being put in complete order, raised one story, and entirely refurnished.

His present Majesty, less it is said from fondness for glitter, than from a belief that these things exercise a powerful effect on the mind of the masses, takes care to surround himself with all the imposing paraphernalia of courtly existence and etiquette. Witness the scale of splendor on which the arrangements of the court are carried out; the sum of one million of francs expended in ornamenting the Throne-Room at the Luxemburg, which his Imperial Majesty enters but once a-year; the immense sum just expended in changing the disposition of the palace end of the Tuileries Gardens, and the far larger sum (eighteen millions) which is to be laid out in the repair and adornment of the palace itself. But while lavishly gilding the Chair of State into which he has so astutely inducted himself, the merit of unceasing activity cannot be denied to him; the immense variety of subjects and interests to which he devotes his attention being something astounding. Among other matters now going on under his active superintendence, is the repeopling of the streams and oyster-beds of France; the results already arrived at being most satisfactory. The oyster beds, in particular, had sunk, though mismanagement, from their former rich condition to almost entire exhaustion, and a large population of poor but industrious fishermen were being reduced to beggary by the disappearance of the favorite bivalves. The *Moniteur* has just published a report on the subject of experiments conducted in the north by M. Coste, the well-known pisciculturist, by the Emperor's command. From this report, we learn that the place chosen for the experiments in question, was a part of the bay of Saint-Brieuc, a spot naturally well situated, and which, for an extent of 30,000 acres, is very favorable for the breeding of oysters, the bottom being shelly sand, slightly mixed with clay or mud. The tide, which runs from N. W. to S. W., and *vice versa*, at the rate of about three miles an hour, keeps the water constantly renewed, carries off all unhealthy deposits, and gains, by constantly breaking against the rocks, the necessary vivifying properties. The immersion of the breeding oysters was commenced last March, and ended in April, during which time about three millions of oysters, taken, some from the sea, and others from the neighborhood of Cancale (whose oysters are so famous in the annals of gastronomy,) and of Treguier, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds, in different parts of the bay, forming together a superficies of 2,500 acres. The position of the banks had been marked out beforehand on a chart, floating flags being placed to direct the movement of the vessels engaged in the operation. In order that the immersion of the oysters should be made with perfect regularity, and that the female oysters should not be injured by lying too thickly one over the other, two steamers, towing boats laden with oysters, proceeded from one end of the bank traced out to the other, letting down the oysters as they went, and on reaching the other, turning round and retracing their way, thus distributing the fish with as much regularity as a plough would turn up a furrow in a field. The oysters having been laid down in conditions most favorable for their multiplication, it was necessary to organize around and over them some means whereby the spawn might be promptly collected, and compelled to fix itself on the spot. One of the plans adopted in view of this object, was to cover the bottom of the new bed with old oyster shells, so that not a single embryo could fall without finding a solid body to which to attach itself. A second plan, tried on a former occasion, was to place long lines of boughs of trees arranged like fascines, from one extremity of each bed to the other. These fascines were ballasted by weights attached to them, and their tops, when fixed in their position, stood about eighteen or twenty inches above the beds of oysters, and thus prevented any of the spawn from being carried away by the current. These fascines were placed by men with diving dresses. As the cords with which the fascines were fastened will soon wear out, the report suggests that they should be hereafter replaced by small chains of galvanized iron, manufactured for that purpose in the State Arsenals. The most exact indications have been made on the chart of the bay, so that the fascines may be taken up in regular succession, in order that the oysters attached to them may be collected as a farmer gathers the fruit from his trees. The report states that, although six months have hardly elapsed since the operations were completed, the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The banks of Cancale and Granville, in their palmiest days, never produced so largely. The branches of the fascines are so thickly covered with clumps of oysters that they resemble trees in an orchard, when in spring the boughs are hidden by the exuberance of the blossoms. One of these fascines, which has been brought to Paris in order that the Emperor might judge of the effect of the plan, had young oysters on it to the number of 20,000. They are already more than an inch in diameter, and they only occupied in the water the space which would be covered by a sheaf of corn in a field. When arrived at perfection, these oysters will be worth at least 400 francs. The report states that the extent already planted may be brought into full bearing in three years, and that an annual credit of 10,000 francs for that period will suffice for all expenses. Should other beds be laid down as the report proposes, the bay of Saint-Brieuc will become, in point of value, almost equal to a gold field, so enormous will be the profits arriving from this curious method of bringing the submarine regions into cultivation.

While the Emperor is thus busy with the thousand and one departments which would be left, across the water, to the enterprise of private individuals, his "son and heir" is making great progress in the English tongue. The Empress, who has Scotch blood in her veins, and is very proud of a Scotch title which figures in the long list of her inherited dignities, speaks English perfectly, and always employs this tongue with her child; he has, moreover, an English nursemaid, recently added to the staff of the Imperial nursery. The "likenesses" of the child to be seen in the shop windows exaggerate the plumpness of his features to a laughable degree, in their effort to force a resemblance between him and the first Emperor, the present one, of course, habitually making the most of his supposed relationship to the "founder of the Napoleonic Dynasty." The institution of the St. Helena Medal, dictated by this policy, has shown, by the eagerness with which it has been claimed, the practical wisdom of this course; and many old fellows who really served in the "*grande armee*," and distinguished themselves by martial bravery, or can boast of ever having been brought into personal contact with their former Chief, have been handsomely cared for by the Emperor. Wherever he goes, some dilapidated warrior, lame, halt, blind, or minus an arm (poor souls!) is almost sure to make his appearance, and to get a small pension or a handsome pension from "the nephew of his uncle." Thus, on the Emperor's late return from Plombieres, he was greeted at one of the railway stations, by a group of the ricketty old veterans who wear the St. Helena medal so proudly on the breast of their coats, as a sign that they belonged to the army of his illustrious predecessor. One of these old fellows advanced towards his Majesty, to whom he was presented by an officer. This old soldier was no other than the sentinel who, not recognizing his Chief in the gray soldier's coat, placed his sabre before the Emperor, exclaiming, "No one passes here, I tell you, not even were it the little Corporal himself!" Upon which "the little Corporal," laughing heartily at the incident, but delighted to witness so unswerving a fidelity to the order of the day, and wishing to reward it on the spot, called to a cantiniere who was standing near, and desired her to give him a bit of the red braid which ornamented her tunic. The woman, astonished at the order, hastened to strip off a bit of this braid; and the Emperor, turning to the sentinel, who was still barring the way, in ignorance of the personage before him, attached the bit of braid to his button hole, saying—"*Tiens*, the little Corporal will not pass, but he will decorate you!"

The sentinel thus rewarded for the inflexible discharge of his duty was named Colluche; and as the incident has always been regarded with great favor by the public, the name and fame of Colluche have been widely disseminated through France by an infinity of colored prints, and pictures on cheap crockery, all illustrative thereof. He is now 75 years of age, and had of course, already received the St. Helena medal. When presented to the Emperor of to-day, he displayed to him, with much emotion, the bit of red braid which had been bestowed on him by the Great Captain, and which he has treasured ever since as a relic. The Emperor conversed for a few moments with the old fellow, and bestowed on him a handful of gold pieces which will not, probably, *diminish* the warmth of the attachment entertained by the old soldier for everything bearing the name of Napoleon.

The Princess Czartoriska holds, every year, at her residence of the Hotel Lambert, a bazaar in behalf of the distressed Poles residing in this city. This charitable fair has just taken place here, as usual; the Princess's saloons being splendidly decorated for the occasion, and filled with a crowd of grand personages, while the tables were held by ladies remarkable for beauty, rank, wealth, or literary *prestige*. Madame George Sand, who was presiding at a stall in this benevolent fair, was doing her best to secure purchasers for a quantity of small articles in embroidered muslin and delicate linen, destined for the use of very juvenile members of the community, when Baron James de Rothschild approached her table. The distinguished saleswoman at once addressed to the wealthy capitalist the usual request to buy something. "But what can I buy?" said the Baron, "you have nothing that I can do anything with. *Mais attendez:* an idea strikes me. Give me your autograph; sell me that." Madame Sand took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following words: "Received from Baron James de Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for the benefit of the distressed Poles—George Sand." M. de Rothschild read it, thanked her, and presenting a note for the sum mentioned, passed on with the autograph, highly gratified, and leaving the clever *marchande* equally delighted. QUANTUM.

# THE PRIZE POEM.

The centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, was celebrated with much enthusiasm in England, Scotland and Ireland. The great demonstration for London was held at the Crystal Palace, where a prize poem was to be read in honor of the day; a magnificent colossal bust of the poet, by Calder Marshal, was to be uncovered to the gaze of admiring thousands; where portraits and relics of the poet were to be exhibited; where a concert of Scotch ditties was to be sung by fair damsels in the tartan; where bands of pipers were to play to the frantic gyrations of delirious dancers; where sheeps' head broth, hotch potch, haggis, cock-a-leekie, sheep's head pie and trotters, and other fragrant delicacies were provided; where "whiskey" of the genuine "stew of Ben Nevis" was not to be imbibed, as it was considered that the liquor which maddens as well as inebriates, was better "far awa' on the glens, lassie," than in the "Cristial Pallis;" where, in fact, everything that could call to memory the genius and the geniality of the great Scotch bard, might be met with. Upwards of fourteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, and appeared to enjoy themselves mightily, and every person there seemed to enjoy the scene greatly. Military bands played during the day, in various parts of the building, and a very pleasing concert contributed much to the amusement. Mr. Phelps, the well known tragedian, attended and read the prize poem, and the name of the successful competitor was announced to be "Isa Craig." "Who is Isa Craig?" resounded through the building. Nobody could tell anybody, and as the individual was not forthcoming, it was left to speculation. It turns out that the author is a young Scotchwoman, who has occasionally contributed poems to the Edinburgh Scotsman, and was subsequently employed on it. In 1856, Messrs. Blackwood published a volume of her fugitive pieces, under the title, "Poems by Isa." Some poems in the National Magazine, bearing the signature C., are by her. At the meeting for the advancement of Social Science, at Liverpool, in October last, Miss Craig was employed in a department in which she acquitted herself with great satisfaction. She was not present at the Crystal Palace on the day, not supposing that she should be successful, and was not aware of her success until late in the evening. She is an orphan, and by her own industry and perseverance has emancipated herself from dependence on a grandmother, in no very affluent circumstances. She has well earned the prize she has gained. It should have been more in amount, ($250,) but the honor of beating 620 competitors is something into the bargain. Doubtless, now that she has made for herself a name, the frowns of fortune will be chased away by the smiles of prosperity. The following is the successful poem:—

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail this morn
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her kings'

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter theme
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart to love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest notes
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A King must leave the feast and lead the fight
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapped him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field—
His regal vestments soiled—
His crown of half its jewels spoiled—
He is a king for all!
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver cords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a land of pilgrimage,
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung,
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main,
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

Atrocious Villain.—On Monday night, Jan. 31, some desperate rascal entered the dwelling of Mr. Henry Stowell, in Shuteabury, and stealthily proceeded to a bedroom in which his daughter Ellen, an excellent young lady of some 19 years of age, and another lady, were sleeping in separate beds, to both of whom he administered chloroform. He then made several cuts with some sharp instrument upon the forehead of Miss Ellen, extending from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows, and also upon her chin. From these wounds the blood flowed freely, but they were not serious. He also made a gash of some three inches in length upon her breast, and probably committed other outrages. On retiring she took the rings from her fingers and placed them upon the table near her bed; these were found upon the floor, broken and useless. Her clothing was all taken from the room in which she slept, and from the room adjoining. Even her trunk was broken open and clothing and papers carried away. Her summer hat, and summer clothing of all kinds, as well as whatever else that belonged to her was carefully selected and carried off. There were many valuable articles in the same room belonging to other members of the family, but nothing whatever was disturbed, except such things as belonged to this interesting young lady. It seems evident, therefore, that revenge was the only object of the scoundrel. She came to consciousness about daylight the following morning, and found her face and bed and clothing covered with blood, and herself suffering greatly from the violence described. The family were at once made acquainted with what had happened, and a diligent search has been instituted, but as yet no clue to the perpetrator of the outrage has been obtained.—*Amherst (Mass.) Express.*

# SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Havana, Dec. 28, 1858.

*Mr. Editor:*—

Having mentioned in my last letter that we were detained from reaching the "Bull Fight" till quite late, your readers must not anticipate a very full description. We only reached the ground in time to see the last bull exhibited; and I must confess I felt rather pleased than otherwise. Having promised the gentleman I would not ask them to retire till they were satisfied, I was feeling a little *inwardly* nervous, fearing my sensibilities would be considerably shocked, yet I was not satisfied to be left at home.

The exhibition takes place in a large arena which is inclosed by a board fence about six feet high; from this fence there is a succession of raised seats, capable of seating three thousand persons. The upper row of all is divided so as to form private boxes. These are engaged by the wealthier classes, and it is considered perfectly *proper* for ladies to attend, and show their approval by waving their handkerchiefs, &c. The tamest of the bulls are generally brought out at the first and last of the fight; the savage ones being exhibited between. The one we saw was quite tame; it was with difficulty they could excite him, though the drums beat loudly, and red flags were flirted in his face. The picadors were fancifully attired; two of them were on horseback, with long spears, which they would plunge into the bull. After they had thus enraged him they left, and one on foot sought to kill him by plunging a knife into his heart, which he succeeded in doing. It has to be done very skillfully, at one blow. Then the simultaneous shout of the spectators is almost deafening. Immediately after the bull falls, four mules, gaily caparisoned, enter the ring, a rope is fastened around the horns, and in an undignified position the "*animal*" was "*sulled*" out. We considered ourselves very fortunate not to have seen more. An American gentleman who was on the ground early, told me he could not remain—the manner they aggravated the bulls was so horrible. For instance, they would run up and with great dexterity, place sharp-pointed firecrackers in his hide, which would explode while there. Every conceivable means to enrage them was resorted to. When they get too close upon one picador, another will divert the attention of the bull till the first is released. This same American saw two horses killed by one of the bulls. I was told it is wonderful to see these men who fight with the bulls, when they trip, or a bull gets them down. They will lie without moving a muscle, till another man comes to the rescue by diverting the attention of the animal.

The natives derive great enjoyment from these fights, but I think Americans generally would be satisfied with a single exhibition. I, for one, am fully satisfied.

While these exhibitions are indulged in, society must necessarily suffer. The influence cannot be otherwise than evil. Yet I must acknowledge that the large assemblages here appear to better advantage than those at home. For here we see great excitement and enthusiasm, without *rowdyism*, which with us is seldom the case. The lower classes here dare not presume to take the same liberties as ours do at home.

We resorted to the "Place d'Armes," where every evening, from eight to nine, the band performs; and on *Sunday* evenings the music is always finest. The band stands in the centre of the square, which is ornamented with beautiful flowers and plants, and on the sidewalk surrounding it are promenaders enjoying the beauty around them—the ladies, as usual, in their light ball dresses, walking as unconcernedly as though they and their gallants were in a private drawing-room. A line of "volantes" is ranged along the curb, and the occupants, retaining their seats, or promenading at pleasure, receive bouquets, and lend a willing ear to the gentle words of the gallant Senors.

Spending the evening thus in the open air, you lose all recollection of the season of the year. All is so dream-like—moonlight, music and flowers, with soft winds floating our light dresses, how can we realize it is winter? At nine o'clock the musicians form into line, and playing a quickstep, march from the square. We enjoy their marching: they are finely drilled, and keep most exact time with their music.

As they passed us last Sunday evening, I counted *forty* with brass instruments, and *eighteen* drummers, and, as they played, the harmony was perfect.

We have many amusing experiences, caused by not understanding the language; scarcely a day passes without something laughable occurring. I never realised before the inconvenience of not being understood. We have been more fortunate than many, as my fellow-traveller always stumbles upon some one to interpret for us. We evidently fare better than many who have a slight knowledge, and go roaming about with a Spanish dictionary under their arms, puzzling themselves to pronounce, and others more to understand. I truly extend pity to such, for the disappointment depicted on their faces is quite sorrowful to behold. One of the main subjects of conversation among Americans is in giving explanations and accounts of how they manage to get what they want. One of the most provoking as well as laughable circumstances occurred to a New York gentleman yesterday. Being very anxious to visit a plantation, he was invited to meet some gentlemen at the Revere House, at seven o'clock, A. M. After rising early, he sauntered to the door, hoping to see the clerk of the hotel, so as to be directed the nearest way to the Revere. He knew it was only a short distance, yet did not know how to get to it. The clerk had gone out, and no one could be found to speak English. Stopping a street volante, he got in, telling the driver to "go to the Revere." The darkey nodded assent, and off they went. After riding a half-hour, Mr. T——— shouted to the rider, telling him "Revere, Revere!" again the man motioned all right, and whipping the old horse, trotted on. Soon Mr. T——— decided it was *all wrong*, as he found time passing, and the volante and occupant being trotted outside the walls of the city. Mr. T——— was in despair; it was too late for the appointment, and he could not make the rider understand even to take him back where he came from. He found that the rider had got the idea that he (Mr. T———) was desirous of seeing the city, and consequently was determined upon showing it off, not neglecting a place. Mr. T——— would stop the man, and talk very *bad* English; and the man, getting in a rage also, talked very *bad* Spanish, as *it was supposed*. At last Mr. T——— stopped, and tried to make a passer-by understand him. It was of no avail. To his horror he saw the rider stop, put a fresh rider on the horse, and off they went again. After three hours' driving, he met a man who understood and interpreted his meaning, and in a wrathful condition he arrived at the hotel again, after all were done breakfast, and ready to receive his experience as a dessert. He could not help laughing with us, although he was so much disappointed in losing the opportunity of seeing a sugar plantation.

The way we have adopted, is never to leave one place until the rider is made to understand where we want to go next. Another important thing is, to allow one that understands the language to settle carriage fare—for the moment a driver hears the English tongue, it has a peculiar effect upon him, producing a fit—of obstinacy. I have frequently amused myself with watching the different boarders returning to the hotel, and, without an exception, there is always some dispute about pay, which the landlord is generally called upon to settle.

To-morrow we leave for Matanzas, where again you will hear from me. A.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Galway steamer Prince Albert, at St. Johns, N. F., on the 17th, brings one week's later news.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament in person on the 3rd inst. Her speech commences with congratulations on the state of the country, and the progress made in India. The conclusion of treaties in regard to Principalities, and relative to commerce with Russia, is noticed, and the latter is referred to as an indication of the complete re-establishment of friendship between the two countries. The treaties with China and Japan are mentioned as promising great commercial advantages.

Satisfaction is expressed at the abolition by France of the negro immigration on the East Coast of Africa, and the pending negotiations give promise of the total abandonment of the system.

In respect to Mexico, the speech says "the state of that Republic, distracted with civil wars, induced me to carry forbearance to its utmost limit in regard to the wrongs and indignities to which the British residents have been subjected at the hands of the two contending parties. They at length have carried it to such an extent, that I have been obliged to give instructions to the commander of the naval forces in those seas to demand, and if necessary, to enforce a reparation."

An increased expenditure for the navy is asked for, on account of the universal introduction of steam into the naval warfare.

Among the measures promised are Parliamentary Reform and a new Bankruptcy Law.

The speech is non-committal and almost silent on the war question, which caused a decline in the funds both at London and Paris. The Paris Bourse fluctuated considerably, and declined nearly one per cent. after its reception.

Lord Melville, in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, complained of the silence of the Government in regard to the threatening state of the Italian question, and other matters of interest.

France continues her warlike preparations. The disquietude in political affairs throughout Europe was on the increase.

News from India loses now much of its interest. War is declared to have ceased, and the proceedings are little more than a man hunt. Tantia Topee and Nana Sahib are still at large. The Nana has sent into the camp, it is reported, to spare his women and children; he asks no mercy for himself, quite understanding that he is not to have it; he denies having ordered the massacre of the defenceless women at Cawnpore. Gen. Napier had overtaken the rebels under Ferozeshah, and defeated them with great slaughter.

The Markets.—Cotton has advanced. The quotations for Uplands are ⅛d. better, and for Orleans and Mobile 1-16d. Breadstuffs firm, but quiet. Provisions generally firm. Rice (Carolina) quiet. Sugar firm. Coffee dull.—Lard firm, and sales at 59a60c. In the London Money Market American Securities generally firm.

Liverpool, Saturday, Noon.—The Cotton market opened dull this morning, and there has been but little inquiry, and prices are consequently weak. The Breadstuffs market continues quiet but firm. The Provision market also continues firm.

Turpentine and its Uses.—There are several hundred stills for the manufacture of spirits of turpentine in the State of North Carolina alone, while the States bordering on the Mississippi are all more or less engaged in it. The uses of resin and turpentine seem to increase with every development of inventive talent. In painting, in printing, in soap making, and especially in lighting, its use seems to be almost universal. It forms an important element in many chemical operations, and it is estimated, in a late communication to the London Society of Arts, that from two to three hundred thousand dollars' worth is consumed annually in the American India-rubber manufactories.—From seventeen thousand to twenty-two thousand tons have been imported into England annually for many years past, and almost exclusively from the United States. Spirits of turpentine is obtained by distilling with water the semi-fluid sap or pitch which exudes from incisions made in the wood of various species of pine; the product left after distillation is a resinous solid, which is popularly termed resin or rosin. Camphene, which is extensively used in lamps, as a substitute for oil, is spirits of turpentine purified by repeated distillations. Burning fluid is a solution of rectified turpentine or camphene in alcohol, the tendency of the turpentine is smoke being diminished by the addition of alcohol. Camphene and burning fluid, although highly inflammable, are not of themselves explosive; a mixture, however, of the vapor of these liquids with atmospheric air is highly explosive, and igniting at a distance, at the approach of the slightest spark or flame, is apt to communicate fire to the liquids themselves. Burning fluid, being much more volatile than camphene, is much more dangerous. Oil of turpentine is extensively used as a solvent for resins in the manufacture of varnish, and in the preparation of paints; also to some extent in medicine.

The dairy farm of Zadoc Pratt, in Greene county, N. Y., kept fifty cows in 1858, which yielded 6,500 pounds of butter, and brought twenty-two to twenty-seven cents per pound, or over $1,500.

☞ Soap Made from Strong Lye.—We see it recorded that a Yankee soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

form, the same jet black hair and dark, heavy eyebrows, the same swarthy complexion, though the lower part of the face was so much mutilated as to leave no recognizable feature, and was clad in such homespun garments as the Squire had worn on the morning he left home.

"It must be him," said Roney, in a low voice, as his companion bent sorrowfully over the corpse; "we'd better lift him out, clear of the other bodies, and—"

He was interrupted by a low, husky voice:

"Have you found my husband?"

"I'm afraid so, Molly," answered Joseph, looking up; "I'm afraid this is all that's left of Thomas Chandler! Oh, this war! this war! what a price we're paying for it?"

"Let me see him," said she; hope was still strong within her, for she still felt sure that it could have been no one but her husband who had made the exchange of horses the previous night; "let me see him!" and stooping over the ghastly corpse, the strong-nerved woman made a careful examination of what was left of its features. It was a severe ordeal, for a woman; that minute scanning and examining a dead body lying stark and bloody on a battle field, but there was too much at stake for her to shrink, and she went through it bravely.

The two men, with the soldier, stood a little apart watching her; the former in painful suspense, the latter with a kind of mechanical indifference; presently she arose, and, turning to them, said calmly, while a quiet look of happiness beamed upon her face,

"This is *not* my husband."

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"This is not my husband!" No. Her husband had not been killed, nor even wounded, in the fight. He had escaped without a scratch; and Roney, who had fought like a demented tiger the day before, and had killed outright half-a-dozen men, without the slightest scruple, felt somehow uncomfortable on account of the soldier he had shot when he thought he saw the Squire fall. To be sure, he was an enemy, and in open battle, but then he had killed *him* deliberately and of set purpose; and when he had found that it was all a mistake, and that the strong reason which had induced him to do it, was no reason at all, he had an uneasy feeling that somehow a life, unnecessarily taken, was on his hands, and that he had, in some way—he was not exactly metaphysician enough to see exactly what—been guilty of a wrong in this particular homicide. He had no compunctions, whatever, as to the other half-dozen he had dismissed to their account; they were killed in the rush and excitement of hand-to-hand fighting, and he had no very distinct recollection about them. There had been none of the venomous concentration of wrath in their case, which he had brought to bear upon this one unlucky red-coat.

Roney was not given to analyzing his feelings, however, and did not trouble himself about the matter, contenting himself with the reflection that the man was an enemy, at any rate, and had killed an American; so somebody ought to have put an end to him.

The search being thus happily unsuccessful, the party mounted again and proceeded homewards, not without some curious and suspicious glances being turned upon Roney and Freckles, about whom there seemed something familiar to more than one of those who passed them as they crossed the field, and by whom they would have been recognized at once, had it not been for the coat and hat provided by William Willson's forethought. These, with the exceedingly meek and demure look which Roney assumed, baffled their scrutiny, and carried him safely beyond the lines and beyond pursuit, before the vague suspicions he had excited had assumed a definite form. As soon as they were clear of the British, Joseph Chandler asked Molly how she decided so positively that the body they had found was not that of his brother Thomas; for he had been very strongly impressed with the resemblance.

"I thought it was Thomas myself, at first," said she, "and I 'most made up my mind that somebody else had changed the horses. But then I found a scar over one eyebrow; an old scar; and I knew that Thomas had nothing of that kind; besides, there was a good deal of gray through the hair, and I knew that Thomas hadn't a gray hair in his head. I'm satisfied it is somebody else. Poor man! I hope he has no wife expecting him home."

They rode on for some time in silence, engaged with their own thoughts; Joseph perplexed and worried at what he considered his brother's treason, and the dangers, open and concealed, to which it exposed him; the woman thinking over the sad scenes she had passed on the field; which, now that her main anxiety about her husband was removed, came up before her vividly, in all their ghastliness; and Roney, alternately thinking, with a kind of puzzled regret, about the soldier he had shot by mistake, wondering when or where his fellow-scout would turn up, and what would be their next move, and every now and then remembering that he was sitting in the saddle in a manner very unbecoming the hat and coat he wore, and trying first one pocket and then the other, to see if his pistols were well concealed.

The country was then much more thickly wooded than it is now, and Roney kept a sharp look out for stragglers as they passed along, hoping he might meet some one he knew, of whom he might ask for news of the Squire. He saw more than one skulking along in the woods, who, he was certain, belonged to the army, but they were too far off to be spoken to, and every one, as soon as he saw them, dove rapidly into the recesses of the woods, out of sight.

As they approached Darlington's Corner, however, they were met by a horseman, who came up the Wilmington Road, just as they reached it. He was a broad, square-built man, mounted on a strong, bay horse. He was dressed in a coarse suit of homespun, white and dusty with meal, with which his hair, as well as an old hat which had once been cocked, but the rim of which now hung flapping about his ears, was also plentifully powdered. He had a large, black patch over one eye, held in its place by a broad, dirty-looking bandage, which came down so low as to cover partially the other eyebrow and a good deal of the nose. His horse had no saddle, but merely an empty meal-bag laid loosely over his back. Altogether, he looked very much like a dilapidated miller. The party did not pay much attention to him, until he rode up to Roney, who was a short distance ahead of the others, reconnoitering, and said,

"How do; has thee any news from Birmingham?"

"Yes," answered Roney, "we have just come from there."

The miller gave an almost imperceptible start, and regarded his companion keenly for a moment with his one eye. Regaining his composure instantly, he proceeded to inquire the news from the battle with great apparent interest. Roney told him what he thought prudent; and the other told him, in return, how he had seen the fragments of the American army scattered over the country and along the road, making their way towards Chester. He spoke in a husky half-whisper, as though he was laboring under a severe cold. He glanced back once or twice at Joseph and Molly, who were jogging quietly along about fifty yards behind, and at last asked Roney if he knew them. Roney told him who they were, and what their errand had been.

The miller seemed greatly interested, and asked many questions about Molly's behavior under the trying circumstances in which she had been placed. He appeared to be much struck with the description that Roney gave him, which he did in full, from the time of their starting; for there was something about the stranger which disarmed, in some measure, the caution with which the young man had at first addressed him. By this time they had passed the belt of woods, and had reached the open road.

"That's a wife worth having," said the stranger; and then looking around, and seeing they were alone, he added, "a Quaker coat, with a horse-pistol butt sticking out of the pocket, don't look well, Roney."

Roney almost bounded out of the saddle in his astonishment. The stranger's voice had dropped from the strained, husky tone in which he had been speaking into the deep, grave voice of Squire Chandler!

He looked at him for an instant as the bandage and patch were raised, disclosing beneath the well known features, and the black eyes and brows of his old friend, with no sign of injury about them, and then without a word, wheeling Freckles in the tracks, sunk the spurs into him, and darted off like a rifle-ball towards his companions in the rear.

The latter had stopped when they saw him leap up in the saddle so unexpectedly, and were now preparing for flight. Joseph was about turning his horse's head, with many misgivings, however, as to his power of escaping with the double load he carried, as Roney dashed alongside, and stopped with a suddenness which brought the roan upon his haunches.

"Quick!" exclaimed the young man, "quick! come along."

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Chandler, "is there any danger, Roney?"

"Danger? No," said he, eagerly, "no; good news! Come along."

The horse was put into a sharp trot, and in a few moments they reached the spot where the stranger was waiting. Neither Molly nor Joseph had the slightest idea of what the good news was to consist, and when they had reached the spot stood looking for a minute or so, blankly at each other, and at the dusty stranger who had upset Roney's equanimity.

The latter, after a pause, and a glance around to see that no one else was near, slowly took off the old hat and bandage.

Molly looked at him wildly for an instant, and then, with a scream of joy, such as women will indulge in, she slipped down from the pillion on which she had been seated, and running to her husband, who had already dismounted, flung her arms around him, and clung to him with her head on his shoulder, sobbing and laughing together in a most unjustifiably hysterical manner considering her age. But the strong restraint which she had put upon her feelings before, was now broken down all at once, and the reaction had come.

She soon recovered her composure, however, and the Squire gently disengaged himself from her grasp. He replaced her on the pillion behind his brother, and, replacing the bandage and the old hat, mounted his own horse, and they proceeded on their way in company.

"What do you intend to do next, Thomas?" inquired his brother.

"I'll keep in the neighborhood of the British," said the Squire, "and watch their motions; this disguise will answer my purpose, I should think," he added, with a grave smile at the recollection of Roney's astonishment. "I don't think any of them will be likely to know me in it."

"But I hope you are not in danger, Thomas," said his wife, anxiously. "What is the need of wearing a disguise at all?"

"I am in just so much danger," he answered, with the grave, almost stern calmness which belonged to his character; "I am in just so much danger that my life will pay for my being known here. I am watched on all sides. I have been asked two or three times this morning if I knew where Squire Chandler could be found, and by men that I know to be tories, every one of them. And James Hammond told me that the British General had found out who it was that gave him the slip at Jefferis's Ford, and had offered a hundred pounds to anybody who would bring me in."

"Oh! Thomas," exclaimed Molly, "what *will* you do?"

"I don't intend to let them bring me in, Molly," exclaimed her husband, quietly; "but it won't do for me to be riding along the road here with you; there are too many people astir. I must leave you now," he added, checking his horse as they came to a narrow road that led off into the woods, "and I must say farewell. Keep a good heart, Molly; I'll not run into any danger that I can help; fighting's not my business now. Roney, I want you to meet me at Dilworth's to-morrow night—several of our wounded men have been left there at the tavern. Some of them will be able to ride by that time, and want to get to Chester; but somebody will have to go with them to show them the road."

"I'll be there," said Roney.

"I may be at home," continued the Squire, "between this and to-morrow night, but I can't tell for certain. If I come in disguise, Molly, don't know me, even if there is nobody by. Walls have ears and eyes, too, sometimes."

So saying, the Squire turned his horse's head, trotted briskly down the narrow road, and was soon hidden from sight among the trees.

The three friends then rode slowly homewards, and in about an hour reached their destination, where they found William Willson anxiously waiting for them.

He listened calmly to the account of their adventures, making no display of the emotions he felt at the assurance that his old and tried friend was alive and unhurt, for he was not accustomed to give much vent to his feelings at any time. But when Roney had concluded his account, the old man took his leave, and walked home slowly, with a heart filled with that indefinite, aimless anxiety, which is the most painful in its character, because we do not know whither to turn for relief from it.

Before he reached the lane which led to his own house he was overtaken by Roney, who had stayed behind to put away his horse, and now came hurrying up, anxious to get rid of the peaceful coat and hat in which he was still disguised.

"Don't worry about the Squire, Uncle William," said he, as he noticed the old man's anxious face; "he's not going to run his head into a noose yet awhile. It's not likely anybody else will know him, when his own wife didn't. You know I rode alongside of him, myself, for a couple of hundred yards, talking with him all the time, and hadn't an idea it was anybody I knew."

"But s'pose somebody *should* know him and betray him; a hundred pounds is a great temptation; thee knows very well what would be the end of it."

"I know they would hang him for a spy; but I'm not afraid of anybody seeing Squire Chandler in the wheezy old miller we met at the corner," said Roney, laughing; "and besides, even if he did, he would be afraid to try it; there's too much risk."

"How risk?" inquired the farmer.

"Risk of his life; more, certain death. He'd be hunted down like a mad dog. Do you think a traitor like that could escape me and Dick and Jem Gilmer, and twenty more who would be on his track like blood-hounds?"

"Roney, Roney," said the old man, solemnly, "thee is talking wrong and wild, and wickedly; 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' If the thing is done, leave the punishment to Him. Thomas is in His hands, and there we must leave him."

Roney was somewhat abashed at this unexpected reproof, and, having no answer ready, remained silent, until they entered the house.

"Sally," said William, as she raised her head at their entrance, "here's a young friend who brings word of Thomas Chandler."

"How's thee do?" said Sarah quietly, as she rose and held out her hand to the young man, who still kept on his hat; "I hope thee has—why it's Roney!" she exclaimed; "where on earth did thee get such a dress as this?"

"I made him take Abram's hat and coat," said her husband, "before he started for Birmingham this morning. I was afraid he would be known by some of the soldiers."

"And it was well for me he did, Aunt Sally," said Roney; "if it hadn't been for them I wouldn't have been here now."

"Does thee think they suspected thee?" she inquired.

"No mistake about it; we didn't leave a minute too soon."

"Well, I'm glad they didn't stop thee," said she; "but what about Thomas?"

Roney told her, in substance, what has already been related, concerning the battle, and his subsequent meeting with the Squire, giving a graphic account of the battle so far as he had seen it; omitting, however, all allusion to his own particular homicides, especially with regard to the unlucky red-coat he had shot by mistake. She knew he had been engaged in the battle; that he could not help telling; but she asked no indiscreet questions about his own personal exploits in it.

Perhaps the most absorbed listener was Sam, who had come in after feeding the pigs. He stood with mouth and eyes wide open, wriggling all over, and convulsively drawing up now one leg and now the other, as Roney described the various exciting scenes he had witnessed in the fight, and going through a rapid succession of climaxes, which he manifested by ramming his hands suddenly to the bottom of his breeches pockets, and springing his parenthetical legs out like two bows, and then straightening himself up again with a shake to take a fresh start at listening.

He was deeply impressed with the fact that he was looking at a man who had actually been in a real battle, and was nevertheless there, in his veritable body, and not as a ghost; two things which his faculties were utterly unable to reconcile in a satisfactory way.

Several of the neighbors dropped in also, and Roney was kept through the greater part of the evening narrating his story, and answering, as well as he could, the multitude of eager questions with which they plied him. About nine o'clock, however, he took his leave, and went back to the Squire's dwelling, where he passed the night, sleeping the sound sleep of fatigue until about sunrise, when he went to the barn to look after Freckles, and found the black horse in the stall, reeking with sweat, and the mare gone. He knew what it meant, and without saying anything, he quietly rubbed him down, gave both horses their feed, and went in to breakfast, where he told Mrs. Chandler of the fact. After breakfast he returned home, and in the evening rode to Dilworth's, where he met the Squire, who informed him that the army had left Chester for Philadelphia the day before, and that the wounded would have, in consequence, to remain where they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ One of the finest specimens of laconic speech on record is that of Rochejaquelin: "If I advance, follow me: if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

## EVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

She was beautiful I know,
She was wonderfully fair,
With the goldenest of hair,
And a bosom like the snow.

All her ways were full of grace,
And her blue beseeching eyes,
Full of sweetness and surprise,
Were a glory to her face.

And her lips with roses dyed,
Were as passionately sweet
As the kiss where lovers meet,
Who were parted long and wide.

But the hair is brushed aside
From the features still and pale,
Like a fleecy floating veil
From the forehead of a bride.

And the beautiful blue eyes
Are shut down with folded hands,
And the tiniest of hands
On the snowy bosom lies.

From her lips the rose is fled,
And the yearning sweetness there,
Like a mist dissolved in air,
Gone forever—she is dead!

## HOW JULIA'S ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN OFF.

"I will never marry Mr. Youngscrew, because he is rich as Croesus," said Julia Cushington, bursting into tears.

"You shall never marry Capt. Montgomery; because he is poor as Job," said old Cushington, bursting out of the room as Mrs. Major Manager entered it.

"Good gracious, Julia, what is the matter?" said Mrs. M. "Why your eyes are as red as ferrets, and you'll burst the buttons off your polka if you sigh so desperately."

And Julia told her all, "how she loved a bold dragoon, with his saddle, bridle, long sword," and little more than his pay, how her father refused to have him for a son-in-law, and how Mr. Youngscrew, a stingy, gingery, bandy-legged booby had proposed and been accepted by old Mr. Cushington. The case seemed desperate to Julia—not so to Mrs. Major Manager.

"My dear," said the old campaigner, "dry your eyes and leave all to me. Dress yourself as becomingly as you can, receive Mr. Youngscrew with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles, and then—"

"Then what?" exclaimed Julia, opening her beautiful blue eyes to their utmost.

"And then we'll take him out a shopping. My nieces Arabella, Emma, and Clara are going, as you know, to join their brother in India, and I have promised them part of their outfit. You shall buy all under my direction."

"But what has that to do with my marrying Charley—I mean Captain Montgomery."

"Oh! it's at Charley, is it?" thought Mrs. M., "then there is no time to lose. There's a knock at the door, and there is Mr. Youngscrew and his brougham. Do as I tell you and trust to my experience."

Julia, like a good girl as she was, obeyed her knowing old friend, and presently appeared looking more beautiful than any lady in the Book of Fashions. Youngscrew, (who, by the by, was quite as bad looking as Julia had painted him) stood agape with admiration, and actually perspired with ecstacy when the ladies solicited his company to Swan and Edgar's. The clock struck one as they entered that paradise of women. Mr. Y. would have retired, but the ladies knew that he had taste, and desired the benefit of it. They were soon seated, and the solemnity began. Dress after dress was opened, discussed, and rejected. With a patience worthy of the cause, did the highly respectable young curate-looking gentleman behind the counter to seek to satisfy his fastidious customers, and at length succeeded.

Mr. Youngscrew thought the price (he said so days afterwards) a stiff'un. The ladies had scarcely made it a question.

Then the trimmings.

Twenty yards of ribbon at two shillings a yard!

Mr. Y. couldn't understand for what it was wanted.

Sixty yards of braid at one shilling a yard!

Mr. Y. began a sum in mental arithmetic!

Twelve yards of lining at sixteenpence a yard!

Good gracious! Could she have got as much as that about her, as there she sat upon the chair before him? If so, how much of that glorious heap was Swan and Edgar, and how much Julia Cushington?

Twenty-four enamel buttons at two shillings each!

By jingo! She had twenty-four on her dress at that moment, for Youngscrew began to count them.

Skeins of silk! sewing cotton!! gimp!!! whalebone!!!! hooks!!!!! and eyes!!!!!!

Youngscrew became mute as a fish. He felt inclined to scream when the curate asked, "If that was all to-day?" "All." Mr. Y. should think so—and did.

The clock struck four as the trio left the shop. Mr. Youngscrew, pale as white sarsnet at the scene he had witnessed, the ladies radiant with the consciousness of having fulfilled so far their woman's mission.

"We shall see you again to-morrow?" said Julia to her admirer, with one of her very sweetest smiles, "at eleven?"

Mr. Youngscrew, who stuttered slightly, could only bow his rapture and depart.

"Dose number one," said Mrs. Major Manager; "we will make Emma's purchase to-morrow, the day after that Clara's; the next day you shall make me a present of a mantle, and possibly you do want something for yourself, eh, dear?"

Of course she did—whoever knew a girl of twenty who did not?

Mr. Youngscrew went to bed that night, but not to sleep. Mental arithmetic again engaged his attention for many hours, and when he did doze it was to dream of ready reckoners and demons in white chokers."

Need we dwell over our story? No.

Day by day, as proposed by the artful Majoress, did she submit Youngscrew to the torture, until he looked upon Swan and Edgar's as a fashionable Inquisition. Each night he slept less. Each morning he rose with more bile in his face and less love in his heart for Julia Cushington.

The present of the mantle to Mrs. M. M. brought on a crisis.

Mr. Y. repudiated his engagement and fled to France. Old C. threatened him with an action for breach of promise, and compromised for £10,000, with which he presented his son-in-law, the captain, on the day of his wedding.—*Punch's Pocket Book.*

## AN EARTH-BATH.

FROM HOGG'S LIFE OF SHELLEY.

My uncle, an old clergyman, had lived many years in a damp parsonage in the New Forest, and he was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. He was advised to consult Doctor Graham, who was then all the fashion. He did so, and was persuaded by him to take an earth-bath; he actually took one, and he thought it did him good, and was likely to be of great service. My uncle often regretted that he had not resolution enough to persevere; but it was exceedingly unpleasant. The patient was led into the doctor's garden; there he took off his clothes behind a screen, stripping himself stark naked. He was then placed in a hole in the ground, just large enough to contain him; in what posture I do not recollect, but I think standing. Earth—finely sifted vegetable mould—was gently filled in quite up to the collar-bone, the head and neck being free, and remaining out of the ground; the arms were buried, being placed close to his side. The patient being fairly in the bath, the screen was removed, and he commonly saw other persons around him in a like situation with himself; and he passed the time, as well as he could, in conversing with them—for it was necessary to remain three or four hours in the earth.

"How cold he must have been!" a lady remarked.

On the contrary, the sensation of heat was most oppressive; there was an unpleasant feeling of suffocation, and the perspiration was profuse. When the time prescribed had expired, the screen was placed around him, the bather was taken out of his grave, and well rubbed, and he was allowed to put on his clothes and depart. It was so disagreeable, that my uncle could never summon courage to undergo the operation a second time; but several of his friends had taken an earth-bath frequently, and they thought that the process was of great use to them.

I have seen persons in the earth-bath myself. I well remember going with my uncle the first time he consulted Doctor Graham. A man-servant, in a splendid livery, received us, and conducted us into the garden, and we saw there what seemed to be a bed of cauliflowers. It was the age of wigs—of powdered wigs—and there were several old gentlemen buried up to the neck in the ground, with the head only to be seen above the earth, and a well-whitened wig upon it. The footman led my uncle up to one of the most considerable of the wigs, and introduced him to his physician: "This, sir, is Doctor Graham." For the doctor took a bath every morning himself, to encourage his patients, and shone forth on the surface of mother earth as the biggest of the big wigs. He could not feel my uncle's pulse, for his arms were interred as well as his body; but he looked at his tongue, and asked him very many questions, in exact accordance with the practice of the college, and finally he prescribed an earth-bath, which shortly afterwards my uncle took.

"How dreadful!" all the ladies exclaimed, with one voice; "it must just be like being buried alive! Were there any women there?"

Not when I was present, certainly; and I rather think that females did not take these baths: and yet I recollect that the advertisements strongly recommended them to ladies as an unfailing remedy for sterility, inasmuch as the earth would surely impart to them some portion of its fruitfulness—the earth being the fertile mother of all things.

## BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald has taken the pains to compile the following table, showing the comparative losses of life sustained in the Battles of the Revolution. He says he may have made some trifling errors, but that the statistics are mainly correct. The table should be preserved for future reference:

| | *British.* | *Amer.* |
|---|---|---|
| Lexington, April 19, 1775, | 273 | 85 |
| Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, | 1860 | 403 |
| Flatbush, Aug. 12, 1776, | 400 | 200 |
| Whiteplains, Aug. 25, 1776, | 600 | 400 |
| Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776, | 1000 | 50 |
| Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777, | 400 | 900 |
| Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 1777, | 800 | 600 |
| Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, | 800 | 100 |
| Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, | 500 | 1100 |
| Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777, | 600 | 350 |
| Germantown, Oct. 4, 1777, | 600 | 1200 |
| Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, (sur.) | 6572 | |
| Red Hook, Oct. 22, 1777, | 500 | 32 |
| Monmouth, June 28, 1778, | 480 | 130 |
| Rhode Island, Aug. 17, 1778, | 270 | 211 |
| Briar Creek, March 10, 1779, | 13 | 400 |
| Stony Point, July 16, 1779, | 600 | 100 |
| Camden, Aug. 16, 1780, | 375 | 610 |
| King's Mountain, Oct. 7, 1780, | 910 | 96 |
| Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1780, | 800 | 72 |
| Guilford Court House, 1780, | 532 | 400 |
| Hubkirk Hill, April 25, 1780, | 400 | 400 |
| Eutaw Springs, Sept. 8, 1780, | 1000 | 550 |
| Yorktown, Oct. 17, 1780, (sur.) | 7072 | 1200 |

RustICUS wrote a letter to his love
And filled it full of warm and keen desire;
He hoped to *raise a flame*—and so he did;
The lady put his nonsense in *the fire!*

☞ The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

## A POET OF NO PARTY.

One of those poets who love to glorify whatever power happens to be in the ascendant, and who, under the Bonaparte *regime*, found themselves well rewarded for their meanness and their pains, called upon M. de G——— one morning with a copy of verses, to which was attached an order on the imperial treasury.

This was three days after the birth of Napoleon's son and heir, the King of Rome.

M. de G——— had nothing to do but to pay the order; nevertheless, at the suggestion of the author, he read the verses. The Paymaster remembered the refrain, which was as follows:—

"If fierce barbarian hordes should e'er invade
This land, of science and of art the home,
Then will each Frenchman draw his glittering blade,
And die, or conquer, for the King of Rome."

M. de G——— did not think much of the verses, but he paid the order, which was for 8,000 francs.

Some years afterwards, when Napoleon was at St. Helena, and the Bourbons were, to all appearance, firmly seated on the throne of France, the Duke de Bordeaux was born. M. de G——— cared little about that, but he remembered that, on the young Prince's baptism, a gentleman, with silvery locks, and attired with all the elegance of a French nobleman of the old school, entered his office with a roll of manuscript, to which was attached an order for a sum of money.

M. de G——— thought he remembered his visitor, and, on opening the manuscript, he at once recognized certain verses which it contained:

"If fierce barbarian hordes should e'er invade
This land, of science and of art the hope,
Then will each Frenchman draw his glittering blade,
To save the Duke of Bordeaux and the Pope."

The poet had become a royalist and a devout Catholic; but the scale of payment for complimentary verses had diminished. Nevertheless, he received from M. de G——— the comfortable sum of 3,500 francs.

Years passed by. Barricades were erected in the streets of Paris; Charles X. was driven from the Tuileries into exile; Louis Phillippe ascended the throne, and in due time the Count de Paris was born.

The day afterwards, M. de G——— was sitting at his eternal desk in the Secret Service office, when a gentleman in a wig, with an umbrella under his arm, entered. He presented an order with the usual accompaniment of verses:—

"If fierce barbarian hordes should e'er invade
This land, of science and of art the fount,
Then will each Frenchman draw his glittering blade,
And rally round our well-beloved Count."

This time the order was only for 1,500 francs.

The "last of the kings" had started from his palace in a hack cab, attended by his minister, attired as a footman. The Republic had been proclaimed in the midst of all kinds of rejoicing and noise; the Secret Service office had been abolished, but M. de G——— still retained his desk in the National Treasury. One afternoon, while he was balancing the accounts of the nation, he was interrupted by the entry of a decrepit old man, who, during the intervals of a cough, addressed him as follows:—

"Citizen, I am aware that the Secret Service Fund no longer exists, but I feel it my duty to celebrate the Republic gratuitously."

The verses ended with the usual hypothesis of an invasion:—

"And if some savage horde perchance invade
Our cherished France, fit soil to tempt such band,
Then will each Frenchman draw his glittering blade,
To guard the altar of his native land."

"Stop," said M. de G———. "Here are twenty francs for you out of my own pocket. Now listen to some verses of mine after the model of your own refrain, for which you have now been paid four times.

"As base, subservient writers still infest
This land, of charlatans and knaves the prey,
I really think the state would find it best
To pass some law for sending them away."

The poet looked astonished and left the room. Unfortunately, M. de G———'s reproof had no effect upon him. When the Empire was established—the Prince Imperial born—and even when the Grand Duke Constantine visited Paris, the mercenary rhymester varied his eternal refrain (in the latter case, substituting Russia for France and so on.) From the brother of Alexander II. he received a snuff-box, valued at 1,000 francs.

The King of Bavaria was made the object of a similar attention. He gave all he could afford—a diamond breast pin worth about 300 francs.

At present the poet who has given such wonderful proofs of impartiality is very poor. He is really in want of a set of teeth, but he defers purchasing them until the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, who is sure, one of these days, to make his appearance in Paris, and who will be duly honored with the presentation of a copy of verses of which the most remarkable portion will be the refrain.

POWER OF A NEW IDEA.—Observing a method of taming wild horses which rather takes the wind out of Mr. Rarey's sails, I beg leave to mention a way which a late dear friend of mine saw practised in one of the streets of New York, to overcome the obstinacy of restive horses. He saw a gentleman in a light wagon, whose horse would not move for all the flogging he could administer to him. At length a cartman went up to the gentleman and said, "If you please, sir, I'll make him go." "By all means," said the gentleman. The cartman went to the kennel, and filling his hand with mud, approached the animal and well-rubbed his nose with it, upon which he set off as quietly as possible. My friend being anxious to know what had induced the cartman to administer such a novel method to overcome the horse's obstinacy, was informed, "Oh, it gives him a new idea, sir."

## TO JEANNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

For the sake of the light that used to lie
In those gentle eyes of thine;
For the sake of the smile that long ago
Made lip and cheek divine;
For the sake of the faith that has blessed my life,
Like a flower in the wilderness,
I never will turn my heart away,
I never will love you less.

For the memory of your loving words,
And the pleasant songs you sung,
In that golden time when life was new,
And you and I were young,
I cannot see your scornful lips,
And the frown upon your brow,
For the heart that loved you truly then,
Will truly love you now.

Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie! I will forget
That the world has made you cold,
That pride is written upon your face
In letters strange and old;
I will only remember the olden love
That made your smile divine,
And filled your eyes with a nameless charm,
When they looked into mine.

## THE KISS.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss,
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move—
Ah, no!—again—that kiss was wrong—
How can you be so dull, my love?

"Cease, cease!" the blushing girl replied—
And in her milky arms she caught me—
"How can you thus your pupil chide;
You know *'t was in the dark* you taught me!"

# THE EBONY CASKET.

## FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

### IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

"Margaret!"

I started. Mr. Hairstone's naually low tones were so sharp and quick.

"Margaret! never, while you live, dare to touch that vase again!"

Margaret looked up in astonishment, still playing with the chased handles of the ebony casket. Her uncle rose from the deep bayed window where he had been sitting, and came towards her. What was there in her childish willfulness to make his lips even turn white, and his hand tremble? I watched him in silence as he took the quaintly carved vase from its stand, and stood looking at it with a curious look of doubt and fear.

"What shall it ever be to you?" he said, sharply, forcing the child to look at him.—"That, at least, is not yours! cannot be! never, never!"

He pushed her roughly away, and went, with his tottering step, back to his seat. Margaret came to me, her sallow cheek flushed with anger, and her great brown eyes brimming with the tears she would not let fall. She drew a cushion beside me, and sat quietly down at my feet, watching her uncle. We were in the library, Mr. Hairstone's own domain. It was a large, oaken-panelled room, built in the Elizabethan style, filled with quaint old furniture, and lighted by narrow casements of stained glass. From beside one of these casements Amy sprang up, and came bounding across the room to her sister. She looked at her for an instant, and then calling to her uncle to attract his notice, began to approach the casket in a half shy, half defiant dancing step. Nothing could have been more winning or graceful than the fairy child's movements, as she climbed up and placed her little hand in triumph on the casket. Mr. Hairstone was possessed of a quick perception of the beautiful, and I saw his frown relax as he called her gently to him. It is singular that whenever I remember Margaret and Amy as children, it is as they looked at that moment; Margaret crouched on the floor at my feet, her pale face upturned, her cheeks still wet with tears, but her eyes bright with admiration of her sister, who stood airy and light as Titania's self, balancing herself on one foot on a pile of dusty volumes, the crimson sunlight falling like a halo upon the delicate little head with its crown of golden ringlets.

"Come to me, child," called Mr. Hairstone.

Amy paused to look exultantly at her sister, and then sprang towards him and into his arms, pushing away, with childish petulance, the book he had been reading.

"Uncle, you are unjust," exclaimed a voice from the window, and Gilbert Hairstone rose, and coming hastily forward, threw his arm around his cousin Margaret. She burst into a passion of tears, sobbing child-like, with a complaining cry of "Gilbert! Gilbert!" Mr. Hairstone was silent for a moment, his keen gray eye passed slowly from one child to the other, then he said, in a quiet tone,

"Yes, Gilbert, you are right—I am unjust! But if Amy did not irritate you as she does, I doubt if your sense of justice would be so keen!"

He drew Margaret to him, and passed his hand slowly and caressingly over her hair, but said nothing more. I saw her leave him soon and stand alone by the casement, looking drearily out into the wild moorland, over which the evening shadows were gathering fast. Gilbert went and stood beside her. She was a lonely, gloomy child always, and it pleased me to see the kindness of her cousin Gilbert to her—I hoped that some of the sunshine of his nature might brighten hers. That influence, and her eager love of her sister Amy, I thought would some day, perhaps, make her a more cheerful, loveable woman than her girlhood promised.—As I turned my eyes from the two dark figures in the window, I saw that other eyes than mine had been watching them; I had not seen before that Philip Stamford was seated, half-hidden, in one of the dark recesses by the fireplace.

I did not like the boy, that I honestly confess—why, I scarcely knew. He was a new comer in the family, for one thing, and I never easily became reconciled to strange faces. Then his quiet, subdued, watchful manner contrasted disagreeably with Gilbert Hairstone's open, joyous frankness. The lad was unfeeling, too, I thought; never seemed moved by the impatience or the sensitiveness natural to his age. I had never known any one so intensely still as he was—so undemonstrative; he puzzled, perplexed me, and the annoyance this caused deepened into dislike.

I remember, when the library was deserted that night, how I sat by the smouldering fire, thinking of the strangely-differing characters beneath the roof of Hairstone Hall, and wondering how the little domestic drama of which I was the mute observer would end; I remember, too, how, as the flame flickered suddenly up, and flashed into the dark corner where stood the ebony casket, I started to see the wild, grotesque figures carved on it gleam out amid the darkness. What was the mystery connected with it? I rose and examined it more closely, though with a weak, superstitious feeling. It was a casket in the form of a vase or urn, of ebony, carved into wild, arabesque figures, that bespoke its Moorish origin. There was a strange old tradition that connected it with the fate of an ancestor of the Hairstone family, who had wandered, in the times of the Crusades, into Morocco, and whose foul and bloody deeds were yet told in whispers by the village gossips. A dark red stain of blood upon it gave this tale yet more significance.—There was a belief that gained currency, I know not how, which declared that by some mysterious link the destiny of the Hairstone family depended on this antique piece of carving.—Whether influenced by this vulgar prophecy or not, it is certain that Mr. Hairstone regarded the vase with peculiar feelings. It had never been opened to my knowledge—no hands but his own ever touched it, and I had seen him, though usually the most placid of men, start and shrink as with some horrible foreboding when he by chance came near it.

But I dismissed the idle wondering from my mind, as I thought of the change which I foresaw ere long must take place in the Hairstone family. It was now four years since I had entered the Hall to take charge of the education of the children. Before that time I had never seen Mr. Hairstone; I had heard of him as an old man possessed of great wealth, of rare keenness and sagacity, and of most eccentric habits.

He had never married, had spent the greater part of his life in travelling, and had returned, old and feeble, to find no voice of those dear to his boyhood to welcome him home. Hairstone Hall, at the time of his return, was vacant. His eldest brother, George Hairstone, had been absent from England many years, and no trace of him could be found. The hall and the estate of Clintwood attached, remained in charge of trustees for his use or that of his heirs, should any ever appear to claim it. That George Hairstone himself never would return, was the common belief; for few doubted the whispered rumor, that the mental aberration under which he had suffered in his youth, had returned with renewed violence, after his departure from England, and that he had died a raving maniac in one of the asylums of France. His brother John, on his return, occupied the hall, and there collected the remaining members of his family around him. The children of his only sister, Margaret and Amy Loworth, were orphans, as also by a singular coincidence, was the son of his youngest brother, Gilbert Hairstone. These children, with myself, had constituted the family at Hairstone Hall, until a year before the period when my story commences. Mr. Hairstone was then absent from home for several weeks, and returned, bringing with him the boy, Philip Stamford. He volunteered no information respecting him, but the impression became current, I know not how, that he was the child of a friend whom Mr. Hairstone, from charitable motives, intended to educate. Yet very soon my attention was excited by the incessant minute watchfulness with which Mr. Hairstone regarded him. Who could the boy be, or what was his past history, thus to rivet the constant unvaried scrutiny of a man like Mr. Hairstone! Not unfriendly scrutiny either, it seemed to be, nor suspicious, but keen and thoughtful. There were times when I saw this rigid regard relax, and to my surprise, fancied that the cold, shrewd old man could scarcely repress a burst of irrepressible tenderness. But such moments were of short duration, and were evidently unmarked by Philip himself—who concealed every feeling, if indeed he possessed any, beneath his cold yet sad reserve. Had Mr. Hairstone's intentions of simply educating the boy been openly declared, his peculiar manner towards him would not have attracted my attention; but, knowing the eccentric character of the old man, I sometimes apprehended another result. I thought it probable that in choosing an heir for his large property, that he would be influenced but little by ties of blood. I knew him to hold the opinion that the great power of wealth should be placed only in the hands of those whose stern integrity and firm will, would enable them not only to use it rightly, but to use it to the full extent of its capacity for power. He had never concealed that his object in thus collecting around him the scattered members of his family, was to choose an heir from among them. Common rumor had given the preference to Gilbert. And he, I thought also, thought himself sure of success—I use the word success purposely, for with all of Gilbert's frankness of manner, I thought he was fully aware of the importance of attaching his uncle to himself—or rather of appearing to possess the character which he knew the old man most valued—that of truth and justice. Gilbert also knew that should no claimant for the hall and manorial estate appear before a certain number of years, he would be the legal heir. I must confess that all my silent, close attention to the bearing of events in this domestic drama, was not entirely that of a disinterested spectator. Margaret was my favorite, and I dreaded that her uncle would fail to see the real beauty of her character under its repellant exterior. That she was unattractive, unpleasing in person and manner, I could not deny. Amy, on the contrary, was one of those bright, clinging, loving creatures, who unconsciously attract love as if it were their right, a favorite plaything with all but her cousin Gilbert, whose trifling interests and hers seemed always to clash. The winter passed slowly on. Every day Mr. Hairstone's physical strength grew less. Yet with this exception the usual routine was unbroken. Never by a word, had he yet defined the future position of Philip Stamford. Silent and steadily the boy pursued his usual course of study, seeming to feel no interest in any one around him, nor ever alluding to his past history; excepting once.

One cold evening, in early May, I heard the children's voices in the front drawing-room, and went in. Gilbert and his cousins were standing in front of a marble bust of a beautiful woman, from which Margaret had just removed the veil which usually covered it. Philip entered the room from the lawn as I did, and came towards them.

"My mother," said Margaret to him, in a low whisper. He silently removed his hat and stood beside her. Forgetful of our presence, the lonely dreaming girl stood motionless before the bust, her hands clasped, her head slightly bowed, and her deep eyes uplifted with an eager longing as though they had power to summon the living mother, whose marble likeness was before her, from the land of darkness to her side. I have noticed in some faces even of children, a strange prophecy of suffering. I saw it in Margaret's now: read as if I had the gift of second sight, in the pale, earnest face, a forewarning of sorrow yet to come to her, of sharp, deathly pain in store for her, such as life's sternest angel sometimes sends upon a human soul. Why he sends it, we shall know only in that land where all things are *not* forgotten. But I read in the face no courage of endurance, no power to resist. I foresaw no elastic rebound if once the strong spirit was crushed.

The look had passed as I watched her.

"Philip," said Amy, suddenly, "where is your mother?" as Gilbert, with a cold criticism on the carving, covered the marble. The boy started, then turning quickly from the fire where light fell on his face, and after a moment's pause, said, quietly,

"She is dead."

"And your father, Philip?" said Gilbert, quickly.

I felt almost angry with Gilbert for asking this, it seemed coarse and unfeeling.

"You know," he continued in a light tone, "we know of nothing about you, but your name."

Philip looked up; he did not shrink from the light now. His face was a shade paler than usual, but his eye was clear and steady as he turned to Margaret, and said, without even glancing at Gilbert,

"I am a poor boy, Miss Loworth: poorer than you think; I have nothing to call my own—not even my name."

Something in his voice caused a silence in the room. Clear and fearless it rang out, yet there was in it a depth of untold and keenly remembered suffering. Gilbert stood, nervously tapping his foot on the floor; then glancing out to the dark corridor, suddenly held out his hand to Philip, saying, in his boyish way,

"Well, Philip, you are a gentleman, at all events."

"Not what you call one," said the other, carelessly disregarding the offered hand; and lifting his own, brown and coarse, he placed it beside Gilbert's, smiling oddly at the contrast. Amy laughed.

"Perhaps you are a nobleman in disguise. Philip you know the song Margaret sings, 'Philip the King.'"

The children laughed with her, and did not hear their uncle who entered from the corridor. He seated himself among them, and joined as he often did in their jests and laughter. After awhile I observed him place his hand on Philip's head, and throw back the massive hair from the low, broad forehead, and then glance carelessly at the firm yet delicately cut lips. I knew that he was a believer in this new science of reading characters by the shape of the head, and wondered what he saw in Philip's to cause his eyes to soften into so bright and gentle a smile, and why he hummed softly to himself a fragment of Margaret's old song, "Philip the King."

Something in the trifling scene that had passed had insensibly altered the position of the boy with the others. Gilbert treated him with a perhaps exaggerated politeness. Amy, who, childlike, had what we laughingly used to call her aristocratic instincts, showed to him more petulance than before.

I saw no difference in poor shy Margaret until the party broke up for the night. As Philip passed her she suddenly took his hand in hers with a smile that made her almost pretty. His face grew crimson, his lips closed a little more firmly, then drawing his hand away with a bow that would not have disgraced the haughtiest head, he left the room. Yet as he passed me, I saw his whole form tremble convulsively.

A year was gone. The change I had anticipated was come at last. Mr. Hairstone was dying. His strength had failed gradually, but his mind had given way at once. As the cool days of the autumn approached he seemed to rally. He would sit for hours looking out at the far-off sea—dimly gleaming through the purple hills—and muttering to himself of men and scenes of which we knew nothing.

It was at the close of a chill, melancholy day in October, I had been walking alone in the park, and came in oppressed by the dark desolateness of the scene without—the mournful wailing wind, and the moonless night that was falling heavily. I entered the library. Mr. Hairstone was alone. I saw, I fancied, a change in him since noon when I had seen him last. He was crouched, rather than sitting in an immense easy-chair, wrapped in a soft robe of leopard skins, from amid the folds of which his pale face and glittering eye peered strangely out.

"It is cold, Mrs. Courtney," he said, stretching one withered hand to the fire. "Cold for October. Where are the children? Cold out in the forest where I went to-day. Yet I have walked there in October—and the sun shone warmly. That was long ago, long ago. I did not walk alone then, you know, not alone. Yet it is natural; the young should troop together in the sunshine, the old creep alone in the cold. Where are the children?"

Before I could reply the hesitating manner was gone; he had summoned his failing energies together.

"Mrs. Courtney—Gilbert! What of him? You know what I mean. Will he prove a true man, or has the curse of the Hairstones fallen on him? The curse of the Hairstones. 'The weak heart and the failing hand.' You need not answer me; I know—I know," shaking his head slowly from side to side, and looking intently in the mouldering ashes.

"Philip has not read to you this morning?" I said, hoping to divert him.

He caught at the name.

"Philip!—Philip!—his mother's eyes—Maud's eyes." The motion of his head ceased, and he tried to sing with a broken breath an old song I had never heard before. "Look there!" he said, suddenly throwing up his hand. I turned and saw behind me the ebony casket. "Look," he continued hurriedly, "read it—aloud."

I rose and approached it, with the foolish feeling of dread I always felt near it almost overcome by the greater terror I now felt, for Death I thought must be near at hand when the slow, calm mind of the old man wavered so wildly.

"Read it!"

I stooped down, and to my surprise found, that among the black antique carving upon the urn were golden Moorish letters dimmed with age.

"The Power shall be with the Right," he said, "so it reads, and so it shall be. Do not touch it," he exclaimed, as I bent more closely over it. "It has the heart's blood of a murdered man upon it. It brings misery to all who have not the Right. Call Philip to me."

I turned trembling, only too happy to summon any one to my relief. As I crossed the long apartment I heard the sound of stifled breathing, and a dark figure glided hastily before me and was lost in the darkness of the great hall.

"Philip!" I called aloud, my dislike of him suggesting that he was the intruder—"Philip!"

He answered from a far-off apartment.—Still uncertain as to whether the figure had been his or not, I preceded him into the library. Mr. Hairstone was leaning back in his chair, every feature bearing marks of extreme exhaustion. His hands, relaxed, hung helpless at his side. Philip went to him, spoke to him, chafed his forehead and hands, but in vain; the only sign of consciousness he gave was an impatient and constant shake of the head. The boy stood thoughtful for an instant—then turning away approached the organ which stood in the end of the room, and, seating himself, touched a few wild notes. I listened in astonishment as the melody swelled into a solemn peal which vibrated through the vaulted ceiling. As the first few notes sounded Mr. Hairstone looked up startled. Then slowly his features grew calm, and his eye regained its light and vigorous glance. These were the sounds of music, then, which I had heard night after night issuing from the gallery. Until now I had never known that Philip possessed the power which he appeared to have been in the habit of exercising, like David for Saul, to drive away the evil spirit from the mind of the dying man. I remained in silence listening. He was evidently improvising—nor could I resist the impression that the story which the tones bore to the ear was that of a human soul in a deadly strife with sorrow. They sank with a wailing moan, then rose with a fierce cry of exultation, sobbed and sank fitfully away. Then came a pure, clear tone, deep and full, rising slowly and steadily through the discord of complaining, till it absorbed all the rest, and then dissolved into a majestic hymn of solemn grandeur. I rose and silently left the room. As I passed the old man he smiled and bowed with his old courtly grace—saying,

"I am better. Philip will remain with me. I shall tell him all to-night. It is time—now."

My own chamber was one of a long suite immediately above the library. I sat by the fire, listening to the deep, strong sounds of music that rose indistinctly. These ceased at last, and then I heard the weak voice of Mr. Hairstone in earnest tones, and the clear, steadier tones of Philip. It was late before I laid my head upon the pillow, and then my sleep was broken and disturbed. The voices soon died away, and perfect stillness reigned through the house. Wearied with excitement, I slept at last profoundly. Some hours had passed, when my sleep was broken by a wild, fearful cry that rang through the house—the cry of a human being in the last extremity of pain and terror. It was repeated, and then followed a faint, sobbing moan. There was a silence deep as death for a moment, followed by the noise of the startled household, a mingled discord of outcries and exclamations. Throwing a mantle around me, I ran down the corridor, and reached the door of Mr. Hairstone's room, to which a common impulse had led all the terrified family. We entered; the bed was vacant, but had evidently been occupied. Mr. Hairstone was nowhere to be seen. Passing hastily through the room, I pushed back the velvet curtains which divided it from the library, and entered. A few ashes still smouldered on the hearth; the wind from an open door at the further end caused the lamp to flicker; a dim shadow passed rapidly across a white pillar, and moved towards the door. I eagerly followed, lifting the lamp still higher, but the shadow was gone. It might, after all, have been but the uncertain glimmer of the light upon the crimson hangings.

A scream of terror from one of the maids caused me to turn to the corner near the fireplace. There, lying on the ground, half covered by the robe of skins, was the form of Mr. Hairstone, his face rigid with fear, his hand outstretched vainly as if to grasp some dark object which lay before him. I stooped down and lifted his head. He still breathed, but it was only a convulsive life in death. He had been struck by paralysis, and before him lay the fatal ebony casket, the dim red stain of blood glowing luridly in the flickering light of the lamp. Philip was beside me, kneeling by Mr. Hairstone. As he raised his hand, accidentally he touched the vase. I saw him shudder as he turned away. Was his the dark retreating figure that I had twice that night seen? And if it were he, what deed of violence had he committed to have caused this fatal end? But conjecture was useless. We placed the nearly lifeless form on a bed, and until morning broke used every means to restore him to consciousness, but in vain. The day passed slowly on. The only evidence of life which he gave, besides his uncertain breathing, was a slow, groping motion of the hand, as if he still tried to grasp at something which still escaped him. As evening deepened into night, and the time of his first attack approached, he grew calmer, his eyes opened and looked clearly around. Amy's sobs seemed to disturb him. He looked up into her sister's pale face, and tried in vain to speak. Gilbert bent over him with a draught which the physician had just prepared. The old man's whole frame trembled in his desperate effort to articulate; his hands beckoned convulsively, but whether to repel Gilbert or call him to him we could not tell.

"Uncle," cried Gilbert, with a stifled moan.

Mr. Hairstone's eyes flashed, and an agonized spasm distorted his face, in his desperate efforts to articulate.

"Philip!" at length broke forth in a shrill scream.

Philip bent over him, his face white and rigid. Could it be guilt, I thought, that gave that look to so young a face. With a wavering grasp the old man placed his hands on the boy's shoulders, and for a moment summoned all his energies to speak, but his tongue would not obey his will; his strength was gone; his hands fell to his side; his eye glazed, and there was a deep silence. Then the fearful death-rattle was heard, a convulsion passed over his face, and we heard a husky whisper, which Philip caught and echoed bitterly, of "Lost! lost!"

Philip laid the gray head softly back on the pillow. Dead! The long life was over, with its light and darkness, its countless hopes and fears and pains, its myriads of longings, ambitions and disappointments, dimly shadowed forth to human eyes—gone out into the vast Night, to return no more forever.

The week was over in which the body lay in state. The open windows admitted the bright sunlight into every part of the house, from which a few hours since the slow and sombre procession had borne the corpse of its master.

I had watched the dark train as it moved down the park, through the majestic clumps of forest trees, and then turned to quiet Amy, whose passionate grief had drawn forth the sympathy of every one. Morning broadened into noon; the bustle of the return from the funeral had reached even our distant apartment. Then, as evening approached, it died away, leaving the house as silent as ever. I knew that in a few moments we would be summoned to hear the reading of the will. I looked for Margaret. She was sitting alone, as usual, in her customary crouching attitude, her head resting on her hand, looking out on the park, with the deserted, lonely look that her face always wore. What would I not have given ever to have heard from her lips one burst of hearty, childish laughter? But the child's infancy even had been a sorrowful, friendless one. The relative to whom her mother, when dying, had confided her, was a stern, high tempered woman, and during the latter years of her life Margaret had nursed her faithfully and uncomplainingly, gaining, as a reward, only harsh words and bitter reproaches. She had grown old before her time. She looked out on the world even at her age with a half-defiant, half-imploring gaze. Had she possessed a strong, self-reliant nature, I would not have dreaded the future for her, but she had no strength in herself; she looked around always for some human love to lean on, and failing to find it fell back hopeless and humbled.

A servant summoned me to the library. The time had come, then; so, smoothing the hair from the child's face, I led her down stairs. We entered the room, and found it occupied by a tall, thin man, in black, standing by the fireplace. A table drawn into the middle of the floor, on which were paper, pens, and ink, gave a business-like air to the quaint old room.

"Mr. Crofts?" I said inquiringly, thinking I recognized Mr. Hairstone's legal adviser. The thin man bowed formally, and went through the same salutation to Margaret, who shyly hid herself in a far-off corner. Amy, whose grief was nearly forgotten, went up to the black spectre and, shaking back her cloud of curls, claimed him as an old acquaintance.

"Ah, my little lady-love, my delicate Ariel!" he exclaimed, peering through his green spectacles at Amy, and under them at her sister. Then taking them off, he softly rubbed them with his coat-sleeve, favoring me with a cool, critical glance from his uncovered eyes. "A charming child, indeed, madam," he said, slowly dropping the words one by one, as Amy darted away; "her loss is a great one, and ours also."

I bowed silently, not knowing what else to do.

"Not," he continued, tapping one hand with his spectacles, and speaking in a doubtful tone, "not, however, so great to the public as it might have been."

He paused for a reply, and went on, receiving none.

"Our lamented friend was not popular—not popular, I regret to say. As he should have been, I mean, as his great talents, his undoubted talents, Mrs. Courtney, and shrewd judgment should have made him. He had the reputation of being—in fact he was considered to have been—ah, rather isolated in his disposition—I mean selfish, to use a common word, madam."

The last sentence was pronounced in rather an interrogative form; I simply said:

"Mr. Hairstone was a kind friend and liberal patron; farther, I have no means of judging."

"Ah, truly I agree with you, madam, entirely, entirely; and our young friend, Gilbert Hairstone—he whom the public have so long denominated the heir; does he, too, inherit his uncle's open, generous temperament?"

I felt a little irritated at the ironical tone in which he spoke, and paused a moment before replying. Then, disregarding the direct question, said:

"Gilbert is, I believe, generally considered his uncle's heir. You doubtless, sir, having held the will in your possession for some time, are entirely informed on that point."

"Certainly, madam, assuredly; as soon as the heirs assemble my knowledge will no longer be my own. Ah, there is Gilbert now, with his cousin Margaret. A youthful attachment there, madam? Of course, only a childish friendship, as you say—very natural, very proper. Ah!" his spectacles were on again; "a fine, manly boy, Gilbert. Master Stamford, I presume?" stepping rapidly forward to shake hands with Philip, and then falling back to his position near me, and resuming his monotonous, low tone, glancing from time to time at the shadowed corner where Gilbert's fair face and tall, slight figure were almost concealed, and then at the open casement at the dark, sturdy form of Philip, who stood with folded arms and bent head.

"Young Stamford is a relative of Mr. Hairstone's? You do not know?"

He stopped baffled.

"I would have thought so, from the droop of the eyelids—a peculiar trait that—yet the eyes, singular expression there—not the Hairstone eyes."

It was my turn to question now. "Mr. Hairstone was reputed to be possessed of great wealth. Were the reports exaggerated?"

"Slightly so, madam. His property was principally in consols. Upon the hall, you are aware, and the estate of Clintwood, he had no claim."

"That descends intact to the heirs of the eldest brother, George Hairstone, if any ever appear to claim it."

"Precisely, madam, you fully understand the case, I perceive. Should none appear before the majority of Gilbert Hairstone, he enters, on coming of age, into the full possession of the estate."

"For whom are we waiting?" said Gilbert, in a slightly authoritative tone, which I had never heard him use before.

"For the witnesses of the will," replied Mr. Crofts, dryly.

The silence remained unbroken until the arrival of these gentlemen. Mr. Crofts, with an air of important solemnity, drew his chair to the table, and slowly broke the seals of the folded parchment before him.

"Our lamented friend," he said, clearing his throat, "dictated this will to me some two years past, at a time when no doubt could be thrown upon the clearness of his reasoning powers—to speak plainly, when the unfortunate mental infirmity which, in the very latest part of his life attacked him, had not made its appearance."

He paused, and then unfolded the long document. Not a sound was heard in the apartment, save the rustling of the paper. I glanced around. The eyes of the two strangers, who were seated near the table, were turned with observant curiosity upon the children, whose destiny was so dependent upon the revelations of the next few minutes. Gilbert stood in the shadow, as I have said, yet I could see that in spite of his usual nonchalance of manner, his eye wandered nervously from one member of the group to the other. Amy, a little impressed by the solemn, business-like air of the ceremony, had settled herself on a cushion at my feet; her sister, half-covered by the falling curtain, sat by the window dreamily looking out into the pure October sunlight, now and then glancing rapidly at Gilbert. Directly in front of her stood Philip, perfectly still, except for a convulsive working of the muscles of his mouth, which alone betrayed the tension to which every nerve was drawn to command his usual composure. I saw that his eye was fixed with an intense, peculiar meaning upon some object in the distance, and turning, saw in a dark recess, behind a pillared arch, the ebony casket. What mysterious link was it that bound the fortunes of these children to this antique vase?

But I had no time to wonder. The momentary pause was broken by the dull tones of the lawyer, as he proceeded, after a searching glance around the room, to read the long, and to me, unintelligible document. At last, however, the clear, vigorous force of Mr. Hairstone's style broke through the misty cloud of law terms, and the meaning became apparent. After a formal enumeration of each division of his property, he proceeded to devise legacies to many friends and dependents. As the guardian of his nieces, Margaret and Amy Loworth, and his nephew Gilbert, he decided that Gilbert should immediately be removed to the university, while his cousins remained under my charge, or that of some equally competent person, to be selected by Mrs. Anne Vicars, the widow of his uncle, whom he thereby solicited to assume at once the care of the hall and its inmates. At the expiration of three years, when Gilbert should have attained his majority, his whole estate, with the exception of the legacies already mentioned, was to be divided into three equal parts, for the use of his nephew, Gilbert Hairstone, and his nieces, Margaret and Amy Loworth.

A murmur of comment arose among the group at the table. He tapped with his pencil impatiently:

"Stay, gentlemen, I have not yet concluded. A condition is affixed to one of these legacies. It reads thus: At the expiration of three years from the time of my death, or on the 18th day of October, I desire that a meeting of those who were present at the reading of my will may be held in Hairstone Hall. Should my niece Margaret then ratify and comply with the engagement of marriage between herself and her cousin, the rightful heir of Hairstone Hall, which it has been my earnest wish to see accomplished, she enters immediately into full possession of a third part of my estate. Should she, however, from any cause whatever, refuse to enter into this contract, she forfeits her inheritance to the last farthing, and her portion shall be equally divided between her sister Amy and Gilbert Hairstone. To my ward, Philip Stamford, I bequeath my blessing, and as a memento of one who loved him, the casket of ebony and its contents, praying him to remember, in the darkest hour of Life's darkest day, the motto thereon engraved, 'The Power shall be with the Right.'"

Then followed some legal formulas, to render the testament more binding, and at last it was over. There was an embarrassed silence. Then

Gilbert rose, and with an easy grace that would not have discredited a man of the world, thanked the witnesses for their trouble, and pressed them to remain until morning. They declined, and after some desultory conversation, left the Hall, Mr. Crofts alone remaining.

"A more equitable adjustment of Mr. Hairstone's affairs, I think, madam, could not have been devised," he said, throwing himself back in his easy chair, and taking off his spectacles.

I glanced towards Philip, who had remained in the same position, with his head still bowed upon his breast.

"Ah! my young friend, Philip! You I presume can enter upon the possession of your inheritance without farther delay."

The boy roused himself and silently approached us.

"Where is this mysterious casket of which we have heard so often?" asked Mr. Crofts.

"Let me," said Gilbert, springing up with a mock-serious air, "suffer me to bestow upon you the magic urn."

"Stop!" said Philip, in a tone which forbade farther jesting. Gilbert paused and looked back.

"Miss Loworth—" Philip soon faltered, then he proceeded in a tone which he vainly tried to make careless, "may I receive the casket from your hands?"

Margaret looked up startled and undetermined.

"Give it to him, Margaret," said Gilbert, with a light laugh; "I bid you, you must obey now, you know."

Margaret's face darkened to crimson, as she rose and slowly carried the vase across the room to Philip. He made no motion to receive it, but stood perfectly passive, as she stooped and laid it at his feet. There was something in the attitude of a master receiving tribute as he bowed to her, and then lifting it up, placed it in the full light of the setting sun. Every feeling gave way to that of intense curiosity as we gathered silently around him. He paused a moment. The red light glittered on the black arabesque chasing of the urn, bringing into rich relief the crimson barbaric letters. He touched a spring and lifted off the heavy cover. It opened with scarcely a sound. I saw Gilbert's fair face turn strangely pale as the boy stooped over and looked into it. The cavity was shallow, extending but about a third part of the way down in the casket, and was apparently empty. Philip put in his hand and drew out a small golden case covered with dust, which seemed to have been forcibly broken from a bracelet, as the rough links of a chain were still hanging to it. He carried it hastily to the light and examined it.

I looked at him, saw a strong shudder pass over his frame, as he glanced at it first, and then, to my unutterable astonishment, after a moment of irrepressible agitation, he burst into a flood of silent, passionate tears. Tears from Philip! Even Mr. Crofts looked shocked and touched. I went towards him, and laid my hand gently on his head. The iron reserve of the boy was overcome for the moment—and the outbreak of long smothered feeling was deep and irresistible. "It is my mother's face," he whispered. Poor Philip! Guilty or not, he was but a boy after all. I heard a low sigh of unspeakable pain and weariness, and then all was silent.

"Come, Philip," said Gilbert, in a gay tone, that jarred upon my ear, "come—be a man, do not give way to disappointment. Time and the hour run through the roughest day, you know."

Philip raised his head, and with one effort drove back the tears—and stood erect. His voice did not even falter, as he said, in his low, subdued tone, "Forgive me, Mrs. Courtney, I shall not offend again." He hesitated, then added, in a lower tone, "It is long since I have seen my mother's face."

Mr. Crofts cleared his throat with a cough, and then said,

"I feel for you, Mr. Stamford. The disposition of your guardian's property is singular. It has always been supposed that you would, at least, have been furnished with the means of fitting yourself for your struggle with the world. I regret that our lamented friend has not done this. If my humble services can be of any use in—in—letters of recommendation, or—or—"

I do not think Philip heard him. He had hidden the miniature in his breast, and stood with one hand on the vase, looking out to the far blue hills, where the thick black clouds were gathering heavy and fast. Out beyond the hills to the clouded world, where he must go alone and friendless. Out—beyond the clouds—where? Recollecting himself he turned with a clear, steady eye again.

"I thank you," he said to Mr. Crofts, "but I have been alone—before. If I have inherited none of the estates—neither has the curse of the Hairstones descended on me—"

"And that?" demanded Gilbert, suddenly, in a tone of suppressed passion.

"The weak heart and the failing hand," said the other carelessly.

He stooped to refasten the cover of the urn, and raising his head, met Gilbert's eyes fixed on him with a glance of peculiar meaning. They stood silent a moment facing each other, the enmity of a life prefigured in their look; then Gilbert's eyes wandered and fell.

Philip pointed to the red murder stain upon the fatal casket, and read, as if in answer to some unspoken thought, the words—"*The Power shall be with the Right.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ PLEASANT VICE.—In the infancy of his reason, youth is enticed, not forced from the paths of virtue. The first irregularities of the soul are occasioned, not by open attack, but by the artifices, the insidious allurements of sin. Vice first is pleasing,

"Oft he bends
His turret-crest, and sleek enamcled neck,
Fawning, and licks the ground."

Then it grows easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed: then the man is impenitent, then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, and then he is condemned.—*Basil Montague.*

Is it be true man's tongue is like a steed,
Which bears his mind,—why, then, none wonder need
That Timber's tongue can run at such a rate,
Because it only carries—feather-weight!

## ANECDOTES OF ABERNETHY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Dr. John Abernethy was benevolent, and thought it no merit to be so. To poor students he was kind and considerate—on one occasion, at a first interview, giving a young aspirant a free ticket to all his lectures. His much-abused roughness was the result of an irritable, settled hatred of sneering, flattering people, fools, and hypocrites. He became neither sour nor cynical, but chronically in arms against affectation and deception. He had no time for such fooleries, and so set his foot on them as mere vermin of the mind. Smooth, foolish people, who had never roughed it, did not like this rude plucking off of the tinselled society-mask. But his roughness was considerate, wise, and often studied for sanitary purposes.

For instance, to Abernethy, always in a grumbling fret at "a parcel of people who come to me with nothing the matter," enters one day a ribanded, simpering, silly gentlewoman with a red-nosed, silly, tight-laced daughter. John looks, with a puffing mouth, just a glance of contempt, and says, "Why, madam, do you know there are more than thirty yards of bowels squeezed underneath that belt of your daughter's?—go home and out it." Out bounces enraged, silly mother and popping, foolish daughter, almost too much offended to remember the well-earned fee. Give Nature fair play, oh, ye daughters! and there will be less consumption and fewer red noses from tight lacing.

At the hospital Abernethy was often stormy or vexed, but never really unkind to a suffering or deserving patient; on the contrary, tender often as a woman. He "rowed" dressers for carelessness or neglect, but generally from motives of humanity or discipline. He was as grateful as forgiving, and even gave his casting vote to secure his old opponent, Lawrence's election to the College council. In society Abernethy was sociable, but not merely gregarious; naturally shy, though rough, he liked a few friends with whom he could unbend and speak unwatched. He was the sun of his sphere, gay as a boy, delighting to romp, and then lie down and chat or sleep on the hearth-rug till his carriage came for him. Shakspeare and the theatre were his delights. With much love of approbation, he had the courage to boldly stand up and defend John Hunter's theories, even at the expense of his own improvements upon them; his love of approbation led him not to shallow work, but excited him to exertion.

An old pupil of honest A.'s describes his rough but kindly humor as, in a subdued way, something between the geniality of Dowton and the quieter moods of Munden. Even his roughness was growled out with a sense of humorous and conscious enjoyment.

A miserable, peevish invalid, ailing and querulous, says to him, "Oh, Mr. Abernethy! I have something dreadful the matter with this arm. There! ugh!" (twisting his own elbow) "that gives me *intense* pain" (making a face.)

"Bah!" says Bear Doctor, "what a fool you must be to do it then!"

Of all sham, puling patients he had a special horror. One hypochondriac he told to eat oysters, shells and all; another, anything in the house but the bellows and poker.

"Oh, Mrs. Grundy, that dreadful man!"

At lecture he never used notes and never hesitated. If he wanted attention he paused for a second or two. He was very impatient of interruption, and a chance knock at the door of the theatre often put him out. On one occasion the great Prince Esterhazy, who scattered diamonds where he walked, came to see him. Abernethy was at lecture and not visible. The Prince waited, fuming. He rang and called. Three times "the Prince" was announced by the servants, who were more afraid of Abernethy than even the great Hungarian Prince. It was just Scylla and Charybdis over again. At the third announcement a black cloud gathered on Abernethy's brows, he slammed his book to and said,

"I will come to the Prince!"

"Mr. Abernethy," said the Prince, "do you know who I am you have been keeping here? I am the Prince Esterhazy."

"And I," said the doctor, "am John Abernethy, and this is my man James. James, show the Prince the door"—a fine, sturdy rebuke for fools assuming upon the vulgar accident of rank.

When a student was laughing, or chipping the desk, or otherwise inattentive, Abernethy would fix his dreadful eye on him and say—

"If the lecture, sir, is not interesting to you, I shall beg of you to walk out."

Nothing could make him miss lecture. He went to it the day his daughter married. On another occasion he was being led with great reluctance across the hospital square, just at two o'clock, to an important consultation. Suddenly the staunch man—let us *not*, as enemies, call him pigheaded—stopped, drew out his arm from that of his bland snarer's and growling, "No, sir; I'll be d—— if I do!" strode off to the lecture theatre. That rough bluntness makes sad enemies. A colonel comes to Abernethy:

"Show me your tongue. Ah! that's bad enough."

"You're right there," said the colonel, wishing to be familiar and fashionably gay.

"Well, man," said Abernethy, "I don't require to be told that."

Sometimes our rough, honest man got as good as he gave, and was rather pleased with the rebuff—lowering his foil, if we may use a metaphor taken from the schools, to acknowledge a palpable hit. A gentleman came to him with excruciating neuralgic pains in his shoulder. Abernethy was unusually rough and impatient:

"Well, I know nothing about it," he barked out, before the patient had half told his symptoms. The sick wit retorted:

"I don't know how you should; but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps then you may."

Abernethy at once said:

"Sit down," and gave himself up with kind patience as a listener. Occasionally severer repartees were given him. A lady to whom he was blunt grew rebellious. She said:

"I had heard of your rudeness before I came, but I hardly expected this."

Abernethy answered nothing, but went on at his books and handed her the prescription.

"What am I to do with this?" she said.

"Anything you like; put it in the fire, if you please," growled the bear.

The lady, high tempered, or bad tempered, or hurt, laid the fee on the table, and threw the prescription, rolled up into an angry pill, into the fire. Abernethy followed her into the hall, pressing her to take back the fee or wait for another prescription. She, inexorable, huffed into her carriage and drove off. People were generally too sore or too dull to feel the warm hand under this rough glove. They took it for insolent, hard brutality. The slightest reaction brought up his real kindliness. One day a lady he knew was exceedingly hurt by his abruptness, and burst into tears. He instantly became kind and patient as a nurse, and the lady left pleased and forgiving. This rough man, too, gave people another reason for abusing him. He had a hasty way of telling men severe truths. To a fox hunter his first words were:

"Why, sir, you drink a good deal."

"Suppose I do," answers the destroyer of vermin, "what the devil is that to you?"

A literary man told him his stomach was out of order.

"Aye," said John, "I see that by your nose."

He was a fierce and dreadful exposer of shams. A smooth man called him in in a case of aneurism. Smooth man called it pulsating tumor, and had put on expensive plaster.

"What is this?" says rough man.

"Oh, that—that is a plaster," lisps smooth man.

"Pooh!" says rough man, ripping it off, with a "bah" like a cannon.

"It's all very well," sighs smooth man, to himself; "but, by Jove, sir, that 'pooh' blew twenty guineas out of my pocket."

Poor smooth man!—how we must all pity smooth man! But, oh! how kind this rough man could be! what a large heart he had! On one occasion a room was preparing for an operation; the anxious assistant had arranged a long row of horrid shining knives and saws of various shapes on the table.

"It's all right," said Abernethy; "no, there's one thing forgotten," and he threw a broad clean cloth over the instruments.—"It's bad enough," he added, in a low voice, "for a poor dog to have to be operated on without being obliged to see those terrible instruments."

Another day he was performing a severe operation on a woman. He had given her a little kind dram of encouragement, and the patient bore the knife like a Roman matron. After a few seconds of living death, the poor woman muttered earnestly, but firmly,

"I hope, sir, it will not be long."

"No, indeed," said Abernethy, forgetting his caution; "that would be too horrible."

To that deeply suffering class of men, poor gentlemen, Abernethy was always unostentatiously kind. He had been known to give up a visit to a duke to drive off to Somer's Town after some unknown poor man of intellect who had driven his brain too hard. Operations he considered justly the reproach of his profession. He saved where others would have cut. Abernethy was essentially, and we trust we have proved it, (for we must shut the door suddenly on our subject,) *a brave and honest man.* There is a good story told by Abernethy's biographer, Mr. Macilwain, of honest John attending a miser. He found him badly dressed and in a shabby room, and set him down at once as a poor gentleman. On going he refused his fee, kindly, but decisively. The miser begged him not to be deceived by appearances, but to take his guinea—he could afford it—well afford it. Abernethy, stubborn and mistrustful, kept backing out and declining. The old gentleman, getting vexed, forgot himself at last, and fairly screamed out, poking it at the doctor,

"By —, sir, I insist on your taking it!"

"By —, sir, I won't!" roared Abernethy, bolting out and slamming the door after him—the rejected guinea dropping at his back and inside the door.

The stories of Abernethy's violence and bluntness are innumerable, but many of them are spurious. The cause of his irritability may be easily defined. A blunt, honest, pugnacious nature falling on a shy, sensitive temperament, that used it as a coat of armor. Climate, indigestion, and an over-worked brain increased this irritative sensitiveness till it grew into a habit, perhaps heightened by a shrewd sense of humor, and the consciousness of the use of such a manner as a sword and shield against insolent pride. This manner of the doctor's, perhaps, brought more patients to the door than it frightened away. People thought the rough man that every one dreaded could be trusted. They argued, he will not delay us with soft words, and when we are past cure, pack us off to die, forgotten, in Madeira or Nice. No, he will at once slip off our bandage, probe us deep, and tell us if there be "death or life."

But we must conclude, and shut the vault again on an honest doctor.—*London National Magazine.*

THAT prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

☞ If a man all his life-long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educatest thy child well.—*Luther.*

☞ A contemporary, noticing a Postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

He that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. —*Milton.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

### OF MRS. BRANNAN.

It will be remembered that on the 20th of July last Mrs. John M. Brannan, wife of Capt. Brannan of the U. S. Army, mysteriously disappeared. Her husband, was then at Key West, Florida, on duty, and Mrs. Brannan was residing with her mother, the widow of Col. Crane of the U. S. Army, at Chelsea, on Staten Island. Mrs. B. remained at the North by advice of her brother, Dr. Crane, of the army, who suggested this course as indispensable to the restoration of her health, which had been seriously impaired by a fever contracted while she was with her husband in Florida. One result of the fever had been the rendering of her subject to severe and prostrating headaches, which occurred frequently, and often compelled her to take to her bed.

When Mrs. Brannan disappeared she was in the thirty-first year of her age, and had been married to the Captain since the 16th of September, 1850. The only issue of their marriage is a female child, named Alida, now about seven years old, who resided with her mother at Mrs. Col. Crane's, and is now under the care of that lady.

It appears that on the morning of the 20th of July, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Brannan, Dr. Crane, his brother William and the child Alida rode together from the house of the former to the steamboat landing, called the Chelsea landing. There the two ladies separated from the child, (Mrs. Brannan kissing her daughter, as was her invariable custom when they parted,) and took the 8 o'clock boat for New York. Mrs. Brannan left her mother in the city to visit a friend, agreeing to meet her on the boat which was to leave for Port Richmond at 3½ o'clock P. M. that day. She was seen at that ferry by Mr. Geo. Vreeland, an express agent, shortly after the boat had left, having arrived too late, and was again seen at the same ferry that evening at 7 o'clock, under circumstances hereafter stated. Mr. Vreeland knew her well, was recognized by her at that time, and observed that she seemed disappointed. As she did not meet her mother, nor return home that night, her absence soon occasioned anxiety; and when so much time had elapsed as made it apparently certain that she was not to return, measures were taken to discover what had become of her. To this object her brother, Dr. Crane, sedulously devoted himself, enlisting the services of the police, of detectives, and others; inquiring at the various places where cars or steamboats left, and otherwise investigating whatever might possibly furnish a clue to her whereabouts. Rewards for this purpose were offered by the Doctor, and also by the Supervisors of the County of Richmond; but no information as to what had become of her was obtained. Various rumors as to her having gone away voluntarily, and being at different places stated, were then current, as many of a similar nature have been since. All of them have been investigated, and found groundless.

While the efforts to gain some account of her were progressing, a Mr. Pickersgill, who, on the day of her disappearance, resided on Staten Island, communicated the following facts:

Mr. Pickersgill left New York that evening for the Quarantine by the seven o'clock boat. Just after the Port Richmond boat had passed out of her slip, a lady dressed in full mourning, and attired as Mrs. Brannan is proved by her mother to have been that day, came to the ferry, and finding that she was too late, exhibited some agitation. The boat for Quarantine had then moved from the wharf, and persons who noticed the lady apprized her of the fact that that was the last boat for the island that night. The boat was backed to the wharf, she came on board and passed into the cabin—the collector having informed her that she could get a carriage at the Quarantine to take her to Port Richmond. These incidents, and the fact of her being unattended, drew Mr. Pickersgill's attention to her. He observed near her, at one time, a man dressed in black, whom he at first supposed was acquainted with her, but this opinion he soon abandoned, as they did not converse or communicate with each other in any way. When the boat reached the Quarantine landing, she passed off it alone, and walked toward a livery stable close by, kept by a Mr. Matthew Carroll, being followed at a short distance by the man in black. She spoke to Mr. Carroll, left him, and went to the driver of a public hack or carriage, then standing in front of Mr. Carroll's stable. Immediately after she entered the vehicle. Then the man in black, after apparently speaking to the driver, also got in and took a seat beside her, but they did not communicate with each other. Just about this time, a driver of Carroll's, named Daly, had started off with his carriage, in which were two servant women, who had come down in the seven o'clock boat. One of the women had forgotten a hat-box, and Daly was obliged to return with his vehicle and get it. He then set off again, following the carriage in which the lady and gentleman were seated, and which was but a short distance in advance of him. It appears that these hacks are used in the same manner as stages or omnibuses, and it is common for persons going in the same direction to ride in them together, although not acquainted with each other. The carriages separated at a point distant about a third of a mile from the landing, and went in different directions; that containing the lady and man taking the road to Port Richmond, a large part of which is through a dense wood.

This revelation being made by Mr. Pickersgill, a complaint was, on the 31st of August, 1858, made before Justice De Forest, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and an investigation had. Pickersgill was examined, Mr. Matthew Carroll, his son John Carroll, and all the drivers and employees of Carroll, as well as the other persons who on the day or evening in question had vehicles at the landing. But it was not discovered who drove the carriage containing the lady and man, nor what had become of driver, horses, vehicle, or passengers. The elder Carroll, however, testified to the important fact, that on the arrival of the seven o'clock boat that evening, a lady dressed in black came to him, asked him how much he would charge to take her to Port Richmond, and before he had answered the question, inquired of him whether he knew Col. Crane. He answered in the negative, adding that he knew the Colonel's son, William. She then left him, and he never saw her again, nor was he aware of ever having seen her before. There was no means by which a vehicle could leave the island that night, the last boat from it having then gone, and there being no bridge or carriage way between any part of the island and an opposite shore.

Nothing in this state of facts warranted the Justice in holding any party, and no warrant was issued by him. Capt. Brannan having obtained leave of absence, arrived in New York on the 21st day of September, travelling with all possible dispatch, but having been compelled to wait until he procured leave. He forthwith set on foot new inquiries, and engaged the services of George W. Matsell, Esq., late Chief of Police, to aid in solving, if possible, the mystery which then shrouded the fate of Mrs. Brannan. The Chief, with the Captain and other persons called to his aid, explored the region of Staten Island over which she would have passed on her way home, made a thorough search of the woods, dug in many places, where the appearance of the earth indicated that a grave might be found, and had the ponds in the neighborhood dragged, but all to no purpose. From that time to the present, having procured his leave to be extended, Capt. Brannan has devoted himself continually and indefatigably to search for the person of his wife, or some information as to her fate, having in the effort the advice and assistance of Lot C. Clark and James T. Brady, the former of whom is a well-known counsellor at law, residing on Staten Island. The operations thus carried on were kept secret in the hope that something might thus be accomplished, and all the while rumors, such as have already been mentioned, were rife in the community. Not one of them, however, has proved to be in any particular correct, and beyond the established facts that Mrs. Brannan went to Staten Island in the 7 o'clock boat, on the evening of the 20th of July, there spoke to Mr. Caroll, as stated, and got into a public carriage, nothing whatever as to her whereabouts has been ascertained.

When the efforts so made proved thus fruitless, Capt. Brannan, by advice of his counsel, on the 27th day of January last, instituted a new complaint before Justice L. H. Haggerty, of Port Richmond, on Staten Island, alleging the belief that his wife had been murdered. On this a thorough investigation has been had, under the direction of Alfred Delproot, Esq., District Attorney of Richmond county, aided by Mr. Marshall, and Messrs. Clark and Brady. Pickersgill, the two Carrolls, all the drivers and employees before mentioned, and every other person who might possibly throw light on the case, has been examined. And on this occasion, Mrs. Crane, Capt. Brannan, and Dr. Crane have given their testimony, which we communicate herewith, as also that of Pickersgill and the Carrolls.

It will be seen that Mrs. Brannan was a lady of refined education and demeanor, religious in feeling, fond of literature, of a domestic disposition, affectionate and devoted as daughter, mother, sister, and wife. Her relations with her family and society were such as to preclude the idea of her voluntarily separating herself from her husband, child, and kindred, and keeping them in utter ignorance as to whether she was living or dead. At the time of her disappearance, and for some time previously, she had contemplated, and was making arrangements for a visit to Maine, and thence to the White Mountains, with her child and her friend, Mrs. Anderson. To this visit she looked forward with pleasure. She had also, by correspondence with her husband, settled upon joining him at Key West in the fall, which was deemed the season most suitable for that purpose in reference to her health. And in view of this event, she had purchased furniture for her intended home at Key West, some portion of which had even then been actually shipped. She had about her person, when she went away, only the garments she wore, a parasol, a watch and chain, her wedding-ring, a diamond ring, the gift of her husband, and a purse containing a small amount of money. She had no reticule, travelling bag, valise, or other article for a similar use. All her other apparel, trinkets, letters, and personal effects, were and are in her mother's house at Chelsea.

These facts exclude the belief that such a wife, mother, or daughter, would secretly abscond. They seem to leave no other explanation of her fate than that her life ended on Staten Island during the night of the 20th of July. Whether she was assassinated for the sake of the articles in her possession, or to conceal violence attending an outrage of her person, or whether she died from the terror consequent on an attempt so to outrage her, are questions which cannot at present be answered. The suggestions made, thoughtlessly or otherwise, intimating that Mrs. Brannan is yet alive, emanate from those who know nothing whatever about her. If there be any person who can state, under oath, a single fact calculated to show what has become of her, it is earnestly desired and solicited that such person's name and address be forwarded to Mr. Matsell, and the proof thus rendered will at once be taken. But there is nothing whatever now known to warrant the belief that anything can be so stated which will not confirm the theory that she is deceased.

The testimony taken before Justice Haggerty shows, from statements of the husband and relatives of Mrs. Brannan, that they have no doubt whatever of her decease on the night of the 20th of July last; no fact connected with her past life, or her disappearance warranting their entertaining for one moment any different opinion. And it seems but just to them, and due to the reputation of Mrs. Brannan, that hints, surmises, or statements injurious to her, or presenting any suspicion as to her conduct, may no longer be indulged in the absence of a single fact to warrant them. The investigation before Judge Haggerty is kept open for the reception of any proof which may be furnished in reference to Mrs. Brannan's fate, and it is hoped that the authorities may receive all the aid which any one can bestow in their effort to expose and punish what is believed to be a most brutal and outrageous murder.

—— Since the above, we see the following statement in the papers. We give it for what it is worth, supposing that to be but little:—

"The missing Mrs. Brannan, whose fate has been the subject of so much remark, in and out of the newspapers, it is now said, has been traced to the 'Tip-top House,' on the White Mountains! There is a person in town who is quite certain that he saw her there, in August last, in company of a couple of British officers! Ex-Chief of Police Matsell thinks the story improbable, but still of sufficient importance to warrant further inquiries at the hotel where the mysterious lady is represented to have been seen."

## CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—During last week, the Tariff Question was further discussed—Mr. Hunter of Virginia, opposing an increase of the duties.

In the case of the Indiana Senators, the previous action of the Senate was sustained by 30 ayes to 15 nays—Messrs. Douglas and Broderick voting with the opposition.

The Cuba question was also further discussed, Messrs. Crittenden, Hale, and Thompson, of Kentucky, opposing the Thirty Million Bill.

On the 17th, the Finance Committee reported the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation Bill. The report of the U. S. Commissioner to Fraser River was ordered to be printed. The resolution calling for information about the overland mail contract was agreed to. The Homestead Bill was then taken up, but laid aside, and the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill taken up. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, moved an amendment in the nature of a substitute, which proposes to abolish all grades of ministers, except one, and fixes the salary of that grade at $10,000 per annum, and the salary of Secretary of Legation at $3,000 per annum; but all missions are to be special, and for reasons explained to the Senate by the President at the time of appointment or confirmation. The office of Consul General to be abolished, and the Consuls to have the fees of their offices up to limit of the salaries now proposed by law. The Cuba Bill was discussed, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, denouncing the measure, and Mr. Polk, of Missouri, advocating it.

On the 18th, the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a bill to pay Mr. Squiers, late Charge-d'Affairs to Guatemala, $4,500, as compensation for extra services. It was discussed at length. The private calender was then taken up. A message was received from the President, calling attention again to the urgent necessity for some action in reference to the protection of American interests on the Isthmian transit lines. The President recommends the passage of an Act giving him authority to employ the army and navy in preventing the obstruction of the transit routes by lawless violence. He also asks for a similar power of intervention in all the South American States, to protect American interests. On this message, a debate occurred in the Senate. Messrs. Seward and Fessenden opposed the policy advocated, and Messrs. Clingman, Douglas, Davis, and Benjamin, supported it.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—In the House, during the last week, the bills from the Committee on Territories to organize territorial governments for Arizona, Dacotah, and Jefferson, were tabled by heavy majorities.

The bill granting land to the several States, to provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts, has passed both houses, and awaits the action of the President. It allows 6,000 acres for every representative. The Homestead Bill, heretofore noticed, is now described as being really a free-farm bill.

On the 17th, the recusant witness, John Cassin, who had failed to answer the summons in the printing investigation, was brought to the bar of the House and purged himself of contempt, after which he was discharged from custody. The Bill regulating postage on newspapers was taken up and passed. The House then went into Committee and took up the Army Appropriation Bill.

On the 18th, the Army Appropriation Bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment protecting the military reservation from trespass was rejected. An amendment cutting off brevet pay was rejected. Mr. Nichols, of Ohio, asked leave to offer a preamble and resolution for the appointment of a Committee to investigate certain charges of corruption made against the members of the Committee on Accounts. Mr. Nichols's resolution was adopted unanimously.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The inspections of Flour, since our last report, show a further falling off in the receipts, and some speculative demand having sprung up, the market closes with more firmness, and an indisposition on the part of some holders to realize. Sales of 7000 bbls at $5,75 ℔ bbl for superfine; $6 for extra, and $6,25@6,50 for extra family. The bulk of the sales were of the latter description. There has been a fair inquiry for the supply of the home trade within this range, for common superfine, up to $6,75@7,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour comes forward slowly and meets a limited inquiry; 200 barrels sold at $4@4,12½ ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is very quiet. The receipts have increased and the demand has fallen off. Sales of Pennsylvania at $3,62½, and 250 barrels Brandywine on private terms.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat from all quarters, since our last report, have been trifling, and the bulk of the stock here being mostly limited above present quotations, holders have been enabled to realize an advance of 1@2c ℔ bus. Sales of 13,000 bushels fair and prime Red at $1,38@1,40; some inferior do at $1,30; and ordinary and prime White at $1,45@1,70. Rye has been in demand at an advance of 3c. Sales of 5000 bushels Pennsylvania at 87@90c—closing at the latter rate—some inferior at 82@83c; and Southern at 86c. Corn has declined 2c ℔ bus. Sales of 16,000 bushels Yellow at 75@80c, according to dryness—closing dull at 78c, afloat and in store. For Oats there was some speculative inquiry early in the week, but at the close there was less demand. Sales of 10,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at 52@53c—chiefly at the latter rate. 2000 bushels New York Barley sold at 90c, and 5000 bushels Barley Malt at $1@1,10.

PROVISIONS—The trade has been very quiet this week. The receipts of all descriptions from the West have been small, but the demand has fallen off; sales of Mess Pork at $18,50 ℔ bbl, cash and on time. In Beef no movement, except in a small way for ship's stores, at $15@15,50 for City Packed Mess. Bacon has been in fair request, but the market has been very poorly supplied, and the advance noted at the close of last week has been steadily maintained. Sales of 200 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 11@13c; Sides at 10½c; and Shoulders at 8@8½c, cash and short time. Green Salted Meats have been rather quiet. Sales of 200 casks Pickled Hams at 10½c; 500 tcs do in salt at 9½c; Sides at 9¼@9½, and Shoulders at 7½c, cash and short time. Lard continues scarce, and closed with more firmness under the European accounts. Small sales of bbls and tcs at 12¼℔12½c, and kegs at 13@13½c. Several lots of Country in irregular packages sold at 12@12½c. Butter has been in rather better request. Penna Roll commands 16@20; Ohio do 17@21; and Goshen 22@25c. Sales of 30,000 Solid Packed Ohio at 11@12c, in bbls, and 11@12½c in kegs.

COTTON—The market during the past week has been dull, and prices have ruled somewhat irregularly, but at the close there was a better feeling. The sales foot up only 230 bales, at 11@12½c ℔ lb, cash, for inferior and middling fair Uplands, at 12½@13½c for Gulfs.

BARK—The supplies of Quercitron Bark continues extremely light, and it is demanded. Sales of 25 hhds No 1 at $31@33 ℔ ton. There have been no sales of Tanners' Bark, and no change in prices.

COAL—The receipts continue small from all quarters, but they are ample for the demand, as the inquiry for shipment Eastward has about ceased, and the inquiry for home consumption is quite moderate. Prices, however, remain without change. The prospects of an active business during the ensuing Summer are daily becoming more encouraging.

COFFEE—The market is nearly bare of all descriptions, and it is in good request. Sales of 300 bags Rio at 11¼@11¾c; a small lot Laguayra at 12½c, and Java at 18c ℔ lb, on time. The receipts this week comprise 1136 bags Laguayra, and 450 bags Jamaica.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering. Good Western command 45@46c ℔ lb, short time.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are in steady demand at 9½@10c ℔ D, as in quality. Unpared Peaches range from 9½@13c for quarters and halves. Cranberries range from $7 to 12 ℔ bbl.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and there have been no sales worthy of notice.

HIDES are unchanged. A cargo of 6118 Smyrna and Porto Cabello has arrived, which was previously disposed of on terms kept private. An invoice of 3000 Pernambuco remains unsold.

HOPS are held firmly with a steady home consumptive demand at 1d@20c for new Eastern and Western, according to quality, and old at 5@6c.

IRON—The market for Pig Iron continues quite firm, and there is considerable inquiry from the West, but for the supply of the local trade the demand is quite limited. About 2000 tons Nos 3 and 1 Anthracite sold at $23@24, and a lot of No 2 Forge at $22,50, 6 mos. A sale of 1000 tons No 1 Anthracite was made at $28 ℔ ton, 6 mos, delivered in Pittsburg. Scotch Pig Iron ranges from $27 to 28. A sale of old railroad Iron at a price kept private. Prices of Bars, Bloome, and Boiler Iron continues as last quoted.

LEAD—There have been no further sales since our last report.

LEATHER of prime quality is in demand, and prices are improving. Inferior descriptions, however, are neglected.

LUMBER has been exceedingly quiet, owing, in a measure, to the absence of adequate supplies. Shipping Boards range from $15 to 15,50 ℔ M feet. Laths are selling in a small way at $2,25. Spruce Joist are scarce and wanted. Shingles are bringing rather better prices.

MOLASSES—The demand for New Orleans has fallen off, and prices have declined 1c ℔ gallon. Sales of 600 bbls at 40@41c, on time. Supplies of Cuba have been coming forward more freely. A cargo of Trinidad and one of Cardenas have been disposed of, to arrive, on terms not made public.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and prices have again declined. Sales of 1000 bushels at $5,50 ℔ 64 lbs for fair up to $7 for prime; 3000 bushels for further delivery at $5,50; and 400 bags from second hands at 11@11½c. Timothy is worth $2@2,25, with sales of 500 bus at the latter rate. Flaxseed is much wanted by the crushers, at $1,75 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin continue as last quoted. Sales of N. E. Rum at 35@38c. Whiskey meets a fair inquiry. Sales of Ohio bbls at 29@29½c, Prison do at 29c, Pennsylvania do at 28c, hhds at 27½c; and drudge at 26½c. A sale of Monongahela at 65c, cash.

SUGAR—The receipts and stocks continue light, but the market has been dull, partly owing to the adverse accounts from neighboring markets, and increased arrivals of foreign. Prices, however, remain without change. Sales of 200 hhds New Orleans at 7¼@7¾c ℔ lb, on time.

TOBACCO has been quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured Tobacco have been only in a small way for the supply of the wants of the home consumers.

WOOL—There is a good feeling in the market, and the stock has become very much reduced; prices continue to advance. Among the sales we notice 40,000 pounds full blood and fine at 55@63c ℔ lb, cash, and some mixed fleeces at 45@52½c.

## NEWS ITEMS

The story of the interview between a Ceylon missionary and Harlow Case, which first appeared in the "Boston Watchman and Reflector," a "religious" peper, is said to be fabulous.

The Canadian Government has announced in the Provincial Parliament that it has reason to believe the Home Government will, on the first day of June, abrogate the Hudson Bay Company's exclusive right to trading in its extensive territories.

Singular Freight.—A bright boy of nine years was delivered in Lanesboro', Mass., a few days since, for the purpose of attending school, having been forwarded by Adams's Express from Houston, Texas. The "freight" had been four weeks on the road.

Powerful Antiseptic.—Pyroligneous acid has a wonderful effect on the preservation of animal food. A fresh piece of beef dipped into it for one minute during the summer, has been preserved perfectly sweet till the following spring. It is said a quart of the acid will impart to a barrel of hams a smoked flavor as perfectly as if they had been submitted to the usual process of smoking.

Ventilation Mad.—Mrs. Gaskell, in "Lady Ludlow," describes Rev. Mr. Mountford, an Episcopal minister, as a clergyman who had such a dread of damp, close air, that he left directions to the executors of his will to have the family vault well aired before his coffin was placed in it!

A bill to prevent the emancipation of slaves in North Carolina, has been recently rejected in the House of Representatives of that State, after a very warm debate.

Seminole.—The Principal of the Seminary at South Hadley, Mass., after due deliberation as to the propriety of this departure from an "old time" custom, has decided to give the young ladies under his tutelage one half-hour more of sleep in the morning.

Recent agricultural statistics show that the yearly wheat crop in New England is rapidly declining in amount. In the Middle States it is about stationary, while the Northwest is yearly becoming more and more the wheat-supplying portion of the Union.

Geffard, the new President of the Republic of Hayti, is a man somewhat advanced in years; his hairs are gray, and he has the appearance of having seen a good deal of life. He is at least 50 years old. He is nearly black, but still has some white blood in his veins.

A good story is told of a lady wit who dined at the President's the other day, and was seated at the table between a certain Representative from Tennessee and the Hon. Mr. Ruffin, of North Carolina. "How are you getting on, my dear madam?" asked the jolly bachelor of the White House. "Well as could be expected, with a Savage on one side and a Ruff(a)n on the other," was the instant response.

Straightening Hair.—Mr. Thomas Hodgson, a white man in New York, professes to have discovered an article that will take the kinks out of the hair of persons of negro blood. He exhibited his skill at a lecture to colored people with perfect success. Whether it will stay unkinked is the next question. After that, a bleaching powder will be in request. Then, perhaps, the "inevitable nigger" will vanish from American politics.

The Bostonians are just now amusing themselves with drawing-room theatricals, an amusement at once elegant, graceful and refined. How far it has become popular in Boston, may be judged from the fact that Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport and Mrs. Barrow (three of the most prominent artists in America) offer to instruct ladies and gentlemen and prepare them for private performances of the order abovementioned.

The Pan-Handle.—In a recent address before the Historical Society, of Western Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, James Veech, Esq., of Fayette County, maintained that the State of Virginia had no valid title to the strip of territory lying between Pennsylvania and Ohio, and known as the "Pan Handle." Messrs. T. J. Bingham and William M. Darlington coincided in the view.

McCormick has made on his reaping machine patents, the large sum of $1,297,915.

The Boston Post says:—"All the 'distinguished strangers,' the 42d Highlanders, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Spurgeon, Queen Victoria, Kossuth, Montalembert and others, have concluded to remain where they are for the season. Nobody is coming to the United States—not a furriner, not a Heel-and-man, and nary patriot—except Mr. Smith O'Brien, the recent reports to the contrary notwithstanding. We shall have to look up a domestic hero."

The sales of sewing machines in this country are said to amount to 1,500 weekly. They are being introduced into every establishment in the country where stitching is required.

The Treasury Department has notified the executor of the late Colonel Benton of a judgment against the deceased, rendered in 1826, in favor of the United States for $7,000. The Government claims priority in payment. The executor will appeal to Congress for relief on the ground of the insolvency of the estate, the estate being hardly sufficient to pay the bills owing for necessaries furnished to decedent's family.

The Cost of a War.—It is stated that the Russian war, for a single year, cost over $250,000,000. No small amount spent in shooting people.

Great Skating Feat.—Tuesday, the 1st inst., H. K. W. Ayres, a printer of The Press office, skated from this city across Lake Winnebago, and up the Fox River to Berlin, a distance of 72 miles, performing the feat in just *five hours and fifteen minutes*, or at the rate of 14 miles per hour.—*Fond du Lac Press.*

The Amalgamation folks of Brooklyn, New York, had a jolly good time in Hamilton Avenue, near Imlay Street, the other night, on the occasion of a grand wedding party between a black man and a white girl. The bridal party was composed of seven negroes with their white wives. The happy groom is a waiter on board the steamer Empire City. Disturbances from outsiders was anticipated, but everything passed off peaceably.

In the case of a man in Wisconsin, whose brain was recently, literally, almost knocked out by an accident, a remarkable mental phenomenon has been developed which will interest phrenologists. The patient, before the accident, was never known to sing or whistle a tune in his life—but no sooner was he able to speak than he began to sing with perfect correctness, and now displays a taste for music amounting to a passion.

The most important piece of news we have had from California for some time is that the Supreme Court of that State has decided the statute enacted by the legislature, prohibiting the immigration of Chinese into its territories, to be unconstitutional. The ban is, therefore, removed, and the Chinese may come in as fast as they choose.

The Atlantic Cable.—St. Johns, N. F., Feb. 19.—Mr. Henley, the Chief Electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has arrived here, with his batteries and instruments, to commence operations with them at Trinity Bay, on the Atlantic Cable.

---

Is a Man Responsible for What He Does in a Dream!—A very sad case is on trial in England, where a woman is charged with infanticide. The plea for the defendant is that she threw the infant out of the window under the influence of a dream, and there is no doubt but she did. The judge sent the case to a jury, because he considered that it would be a most dangerous doctrine to lay down to say that if a person was dreaming while committing an offence that he was not culpable for his acts. A woman on these grounds might get up in the middle of the night and cut her husband's throat, and when brought up for the offence turn round and say that she had done the act while under the influence of a dream.

---

Danger of Children Sleeping with Cats.—A small girl, seven or eight years old, on the night of the 27th ult., came pretty near losing her life by a cat. Her mother heard a strange noise which awakened her; she hastened to the bed where the child was lying, and found the cat with her mouth close to the child's mouth. At first they took the child to be dead, but they soon perceived it seemed to catch for breath occasionally. After two or three hours she was restored to consciousness, but has been very stupid and unwell since. Parents should be ware how they trust their cats to sleep with their children.—*Galesburg (Ill.) Democrat*

### *LATER FROM AUSTRALIA.*

Melbourne, May 14, 1858.

*Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Gents:*

**** The "S. H. Talbot," with 54 boxes, and the "State of Maine," with 48 boxes of your valuable PAIN KILLER, have arrived, and the Pain Killer is sold at 10s per dozen. Neither of the lots are landed yet, but we hope they will be in time for us to forward you account sales and remittance by this mail. These two shipments are divided among four different buyers, two of whom would each have taken the whole 102 boxes if we would allow it. *This is the best comment we can make on your Pain Killer.* Send us frequent shipments.

**** Newell, Hooper & Stevens.

P. S.—We are unable to forward you account sales, as the P. K. is not wholly landed—but we hand you first of bill of exchange on London for £80 at 1 per cent. premium, and will remit for balance with account sales by next mail.—N. H. & S.

---

### THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

The greatest wonder of the age is that celebrated remedy for diseases arising from a debility of the digestive organs—HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. The power exercised over diseases of this class by the Bitters is indeed miraculous. They cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Want of Appetite, with the greatest facility. For sale everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

---

WHEN THE THROAT AND LUNGS are overloaded with phlegm or mucous, how can you expect to be free from cough or difficulty of breathing? Therefore, immediately apply to that most potent remedy for all pulmonary diseases, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, and you will find the most beneficial results from its use.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. feb19-3t

---

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—49 head B C Baldwin, Chester co $9@10½; 29 T Marston, Lancaster, 10@10½; 10 J Landis, do, extra, 12½; 12 Henson, Pa, 9@9½; 12 J Neff, do, 7@8; 74 Shelby, Berks co, 7½@9½; 60 Miller, by Baker, Va, 7@8½; 16 B Young, Ohio, 10@11; 97 Smith, do, 9@10½; 20 Cottes, Chester, 9@10½; 9 A Reidebaugh, Pa, 8½@10; 21 Cauffman, do, 9½@11; 16 McMullen, Ohio, 8@9; 47 Wieland, by Hutton, Va, 9½@10½; 30 Scarlet, Chester, 9½@10½; 10 J Rowland, Delaware co, 8@10. Sheep—4000 sold at prices ranging from $3 to 5 ¾ head, equal to 9@11c dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—19 head D Hopkins, Md, 8½@10½; 10 Cochran & McCall, Chester, 8@10½; 23 P Hathaway, do, 8@10½; 20 J Knox, do, 8@10; 95 Stewart & McClain, Va, 8@9½; 21 Scott & Kimble, Chester, 9½@10½; 14 B & J Seldomridge, Lancaster, 8@9; 44 W J Welkin, Va, 7@8½; 30 R Neely, Chester, 8@10; 30 S Miller, Berks co, 7½@10½; 2 J Ash, Chester, 8@9; 12 S Cairns, 8½@9¼.

---

## THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

| LOANS. | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| U S 6 pr ct, 1856 | — | — |
| " " '62 | 10[illegible] | — |
| " " '67 | 113¼ | — |
| " " '68 | 113½ | — |
| " 5 " coupon '74 | 102½ | 103 |
| Penn 6 pr ct, old | 93¼ | — |
| " " new | 103 | 103½ |
| " 5 " | 84 | — |
| Pitts 5 pr ct | 76 | 71 |
| " 6 coupon | — | 55 |
| Allegh City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " County " | — | — |
| R R issue | 70 | 51½ |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 93½ | 99½ |
| " 5 " coupon | — | 98 |
| " 5 " | 92½ | 93 |
| Tenn 6 pr ct | 94½ | — |
| " 5 " coupon | 80 | 81 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 101 | — |
| Missouri 6 " | 89½ | — |
| Ohio 6 " 1868 | 104½ | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98½ | 98¾ |
| Virginia 6 " | 97½ | — |
| Indiana State 5 pr ct | 82 | — |
| Ga. State 7 pr ct | — | — |
| new bonds | 91½ | 92 |
| N Y City 1872-5 | 114 | 116 |
| **BANK STOCKS, &c.** | | |
| **PHILADELPHIA.** | | |
| North America | 140 | 141 |
| Philade phia | 117 | 118 |
| Far & Mec | 39½ | — |
| Commercial | 51 | 51½ |
| N Liberty | 60 | 61 |
| Mechanics | — | 29½ |
| Southwark | 53 | — |
| P Township | 35 | 35½ |
| Kensington | 56½ | — |
| Girard | 12½ | 12¾ |
| Western | — | 69 |
| Man & Mech | 26¾ | 27 |
| Commerce | 65 | — |
| Tradesman's | 62½ | — |
| City | 45½ | 46 |
| Consolidation | 26 | 28½ |
| Commonwealth | 22 | — |
| Com Exchange | — | 24½ |
| Germantown | 56½ | 60 |
| Pittsburg, Pittsb'g | 57 | — |
| Exchange " | 57 | — |
| Kentucky Ky. | — | 116½ |
| Northern " | 120 | — |
| Louisville " | 107½ | — |
| Farmers " | 120 | 125 |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | — | 99 |
| Pantera " | 105½ | — |
| N O Gas Light | 137 | — |
| Com & R R Bank | — | — |
| Webster's | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas | — | — |
| Light Co | 24 | — |
| Lehigh Zinc | 1 | 1½ |
| New Creek | ½ | — |
| New Grenada | ½ | ¾ |
| N America Ins'nce | 14½ | — |
| N Liberties Gas | 22½ | 30 |
| Southwark & Frankford RR | 57 | — |
| Bonds | — | 85 |

| RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS. | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania R R | | |
| 1st mort bonds | 101 | 101½ |
| 2nd " " | 92½ | 93½ |
| stock | | |
| Interest off | 43 | 43½ |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864 | — | 95 |
| stock | 119 | 119½ |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70 | 83½ | — |
| mort 6's '44 | — | — |
| " " '60 | — | 77 |
| stock | 25½ | 25¾ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 89½ | 89½ |
| stock | — | 43½ |
| Phila. Wil & Balt stock | 37½ | — |
| 6 pr ct loan '60 | 95 | — |
| Ches Val R R 7s | 40 | — |
| Tioga R R 7s | 88 | 89 |
| Will ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort | 73½ | — |
| 2d " | 57 | 57½ |
| stock | 9 | 9½ |
| Catawissa | 6 | 6½ |
| Beaver Meadow stock | 53½ | 53½ |
| preferred 10 pr ct | 58 | — |
| North Penna R R stock | 9½ | 9¾ |
| 6 pr ct loan | 67½ | 68 |
| Phil Ger & Nor R R stock | 54 | 54½ |
| 6 pr ct loan | | 100 |
| Minehill R R | — | 29½ |
| Har and Lan R R stock | 60 | — |
| bonds '83 | 94 | 96 |
| L Schuylkill R R stock | 22½ | 24½ |
| Long Island R R stock | 11½ | 11½ |
| bonds | 82½ | 84 |
| Erie R R stock | 15½ | — |
| Hudson River R R | 39½ | — |
| N Y Centrals | 78½ | — |
| Michigan Centrs | 47½ | 48½ |
| Illinois | 60½ | — |
| Michigan Southern | 17½ | — |
| **CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.** | | |
| Schuyl. Nav 6 pr ct loan '82 | 72½ | — |
| imp. 6 pr ct | 76½ | — |
| stock | 9½ | 10 |
| preferred | 19½ | 19 |
| Lehigh Nav stock | 20 | — |
| mort 6 pr ct | 97½ | 98 |
| scrip " | 23½ | 23½ |
| Morris Consol'd | 47½ | 47½ |
| preferred | 105 | 105½ |
| Ches & Del | — | 45 |
| bonds | 77 | — |
| Union | 2 | 3½ |
| bonds | 30 | 35½ |
| Sus & Tidewater | 9 | 9½ |
| bonds 1878 | — | 85 |

---

## BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, February 19, 1859.*

| Pennsylvania. | Georgia. |
|---|---|
| Solv bks par to 4-10 dis | Solvent banks ¼ dis |
| Relief notes 4-10 dis | South Carolina. |
| New Jersey. | Solv bks ¼ dis |
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | Alabama. |
| Delaware. | Solv bks 1 to 3 dis |
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | Mississippi. |
| Maryland. | All bks uncertain |
| Baltimore ¼ dis | Louisiana. |
| Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis | Solv bks ½ dis |
| New York. | Ohio. |
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | Solv bks ½ dis |
| Maine. | Kentucky. |
| Solv bks ½ dis | Solv bks ½ dis |
| New Hampshire. | Indiana. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | State bank ½ dis |
| Vermont. | Illinois. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | Solv bks 1½ dis |
| Connecticut. | Missouri. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | Solv bks ½ dis |
| Massachusetts. | Tennessee. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | Old banks 2 dis |
| Rhode Island. | Michigan. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | Solv bks 1½ dis |
| Virginia. | Wisconsin. |
| Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis | Solv bks 1½ dis |
| Dist. of Columbia. | Texas. |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis |
| North Carolina. | Canada. |
| Solv bks ½ to 1 dis | Solv bks 1 dis |

---

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 19.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is dull—sales of 8500 bbls; Wheat quiet: sales of 10,000 bush at 137c for Western red, 145c for white, and 100c for Chicago spring. Corn is quiet; sales of 10,000 bush. Pork dull, with sales at $17,50@18 for Mess, and $13,25 for Prime. Lard firm at 11½@12½c. Whiskey dull at 27c.

---

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnell, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. feb26-4t

---

WHY LONGER SUFFER?—Those who are so fortunate as to have escaped Dyspepsia, and its attendant evils, can hardly conceive the suffering that these diseases cause. The wonder is, that the afflicted continue to suffer, when that infallible remedy, the Oxygenated Bitters, is within the reach of every one.

---

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Fort Wayne, Jan. 18th, by the Rev. R. D. Robinson, Mr. L. E. Atchison, of Keithsburg, Illinois, to Miss Getta Todd, daughter of Wm. T. Todd, Esq. formerly of Philada. city, Pa.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. J. B. McConnell, to Miss Anna, daughter of the late Philip Harpman, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. Henry Martin, of Byrne, Switzerland, to Miss Mary J. Kelly, of this city.

On the 28th of Nov. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Gillingham Kerr, to Miss Mary Hunt.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Horace B. Tenis, to Martha J. daughter of L. H. Bobbebower, Esq. both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. Henry Chavanne, of Switzerland, to Miss Anne McFarland, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Ernest L. Hanson, of Birgemin, Norway, to Miss Elizabeth Bier, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. David Mundell, to Miss Elizabeth Lindsay, both of this city.

---

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Germantown, early on Friday morning, the 18th instant, T. Newton, son of Pearson S. and Emma L. Peterson, aged 2 years and 7 days.

"A mortal flower to flower immortal changed!"

On the 6th instant, at her residence, Buckingham Township, Bucks county, Elizabeth S. Hughes, in her 64th year.

On the 13th instant, Catharine Mason, aged 65 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Sarah Pratt, aged 67.

On the 14th instant, Miss Margaret Lockton, aged 31 years.

On the 13th instant, Ernetta, wife of R. Barclay Jones, aged 24 years.

On the 14th instant, Charles Townsend, aged 83 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. Josiah W. Clarke, aged 41 years.

On the 12th instant, Samuel McFarland, aged 62 years.

On the 13th instant, Emeline, wife of Geo. Vail, aged 44 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Priscilla Brown, aged 84 years.

---


## NEW SPRING GOODS.

**L. J. LEVY & CO.,**

Have now in store, full assortments of the following

**NEW SPRING GOODS:**

RICH CHINE SILKS,
FLOUNCED SILK ROBES,
RICH BAREGE ROBES,
LAWNS, ORGANDIES and CHINTZES,
ORGANDI and LAWN ROBES, with FLOUNCES,
FOULARD SILK DRESSES,

With a large variety of

**ALL THE NEW TEXTURES,**

Made in Europe for the

**SPRING AND SUMMER,**

**L. J. LEVY & CO.,** are exhibiting samples of the various goods not yet received in store, but shortly to arrive in the steamers now due.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

---

## MAGIC LANTERNS,

For **SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES** and **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS**, with a large assortment of Scriptural, Astronomical and Temperance Slides,

McALLISTER & BROTHER,
728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ A priced and descriptive catalogue furnished gratis and sent by mail, free of charge. 1t

---

**AGENTS $1 TO $10 PER DAY!!**—New Articles of Utility, Novelty, Beauty, and Saleability, demanded in every Family, Office, and Manufactory. Presenting Honorable and Profitable Inducements for Merchants, Postmasters, and Traders, either Local or Travelling, throughout the Union. Books containing descriptions, terms, references, and notices, mailed *free*, on application to

S. J. BESTOR,
Importer of Watches and Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 34 South 3d St.,
feb-eow6t Philada., Pa.

---

## TRAPPERS,

**TWO RECEIPTS** for DRAWING and TRAPPING FOXES, with secrets and instructions which have doubtless never been unfolded to any in the trapping business, all for $1.00.

1t Box 11 Decker's Point, Pa.

---

## TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them. jan29-3t

---

**AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $10 per day** profit.—All may apply. Send a red stamp, for particulars, to DR. EARL,
feb26-3m 120 Franklin St., N. Y.

---

*Something New!*

*Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $30 weekly.* **No Humbug.** *Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.*

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

feb26-4t

---

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

---

NOW READY;

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH.

### THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

This serial, begun in the December number of the ATLANTIC, has been received with universal favor, and bids fair to become the greatest work of the gifted novelist. The field is new; for the New England of the last century is far away from the New England of to-day; and the pages of the story already published show how completely the author has entered into the quaint and simple life of that almost forgotten period. Her portraitures of characters are full of spirit,—equally remarkable in their firm outlines and in the minute touches which none but the hand of genius can give. THE MINISTER'S WOOING will be continued through the year.

☞ Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, pre-paid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number.

The postage of the ATLANTIC is 36 cents a year, pre-paid.

The pages of the ATLANTIC are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

Clubs.—For Ten Dollars the Publishers will send five copies of the ATLANTIC for one year, the subscribers to pay their own postage.

Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters will receive the work for Two Dollars a year.

Booksellers and Newsmen will obtain the terms by the hundred, &c., upon application to the Publishers,

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,**
**13 Winter Street, Boston.**

---

**JUST ISSUED—THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF THE YEAR. A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.** Judge R. A. Wilson differs from the late Mr. Prescott, and has presented in this work the result of his researches in reference to the early civilization of this country, the so called "Picture Writings," and alleged annals, illustrated with Maps and fine Wood Engravings, cloth, $2.50—sheep, $3,00—half calf, $3,50.

OSBORNE'S PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT, and BARCLAY'S CITY OF THE GREAT KING are uniform with the above in size and style. Price of each, cloth, $3,50—half calf $4,50—turkey, gilt, $5,00. All by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

JAMES CHALLEN & SON,
1t 25 South Sixth St., Philada., Pa.

---

**PLEASE TO READ THIS.**—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

---

## $2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp,)

ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

---

**SAVING FUND**—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, Five Per Cent. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.

mr18-26t

---

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ARTICLE FOR THE HAIR.

## COCOINE.

PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED COCOANUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

**PHALON & SON,**

Nos. 417, 497 and 197 Broadway, New York, where all letters will receive attention, and the article safely put up and sent. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents.

jan 22-3m

---

**HONEY! THE BEST OF HONEY!** Hundreds of families are making their own Honey from my receipt. It costs only 6 cents per pound, and it is as good in looks and taste as that made by Bees. Any person who will make and sell it, can clear from Four to Five Dollars a day; it requires but five articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for Fifty Cents.—Every housekeeper should have this delightful luxury, for any lady can make it in fifteen minutes, at any time. Sent for one dollar.

N. R. GARDNER
feb5-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

---

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty more honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibitions in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
se18-1y 276 Chestnut St., Philada.

---

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

---

## STATEMENT

OF THE

ASSETS

OF THE

## COMMONWEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE

## STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Office, N. W. Cor. Walnut and 4th Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

| | February 1st, 1859. | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash in Tradesmen's Bank, and on hand, | $17,825 15 | |
| Cash in hands of Agents, | 2,421 17 | |
| Aggregate amount of Cash Items, | | $20,246 32 |

Number of Shares of Stock of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:

| | Par Val. | Market Val. |
|---|---|---|
| 250 Shares Pa. | | |
| 15 | | |
| B[illegible] | | |
| M[illegible] | | |
| M | | |
| L[illegible] | | |
| T[illegible] | | |
| A[illegible] | | |
| A | | |
| I[illegible] | | |

---

**[illegible] ALTHEE CATHOLICON PILLS**

Have been weighed by the public one hundred and eight years, and not found wanting. They claim intrinsic merit. Their usefulness is measured by their purifying qualities upon the BLOOD.

*We cannot be Sick, we can have no Pain, but when some Natural Outlet for the Blood's Impurities is Closed or Inactive.*

BRANDRETH'S PILLS open these natural outlets, or make them active, by which impurities are removed, and disease eradicated. Though innocent as bread, they are more searching than calomel, and while sickness is present, may be used daily; because they do not take any of the essential parts from the blood, but purify it, and restore, in a measure, its vitalising qualities.

They require no change in diet, or care against cold or otherwise.

*Fevers, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Influenza, Colds, Coughs, General Debility, Premature Decay, and especially Sudden Attacks of Severe Sickness,*

often resulting fatally—the consequence of the great variability of our climate, coupled or not with marsh effluvia or specific contagion—there, two or three doses of four or five Brandreth's Pills sure, save a long fit of sickness, and often life.

When serious pain afflicts us, we should at once take a good dose of Pills.

---

## FEVER AND AGUE CURED.

Mr. John Y. Haight, Supervisor of New Castle, Westchester county, N. Y., desires the attention of those interested. He says, November, 1858:—"I was, about two years ago, attacked with fever and ague, which, notwithstanding the best medical advice, continued to sorely afflict me for six tedious months; I became yellow as saffron, and reduced to skin and bone. Medicine and physicians were abandoned in despair. As an experiment, I concluded to try a single dose of six of Brandreth's Universal Vegetable Pills, on an empty stomach, early in the morning. The first dose seemed to arouse all the latent energies of my exhausted frame. I feared the worst—their purgative effect was different from anything I had ever used or heard of. At length this effect ceased, and I seemed lighter and breathed freer. That evening I was indeed sensibly better, and slept soundly all night. The next day I followed the same course, and took the same dose of pills. I continued to take the pills in this way about three weeks, when I found myself entirely cured. It is two years ago, and I have had no return. My health has been surprisingly good, and I have used no medicine since. I have made this statement in accordance with what I conceive to be my duty."

Brandreth's Pills are sold at twenty-five cents per box, with full directions.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

294 CANAL STREET,

*Brandreth's Building, N. Y.*

☞ The Genuine Pills can be obtained from all respectable dealers in medicine. In England ask for Dr. Benjamin Brandreth's Pills.

For sale at Proprietor's lowest prices at Dr. Brandreth's Philadelphia Office, North-East corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, and by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, 218 North Second Street, Philadelphia. feb 12 4t

---

## THE SPRING TERM

OF THE

## FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE

Opens March 17th. Board and Tuition in common English, 14 weeks, for $32,50, in advance. *All the branches* of a business, classical or ornamental education *thoroughly taught.* Superb brick buildings, adapted to both Ladies and Gentlemen. For Circulars or for Rooms apply to the *Principal*, Rev. JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, N. Y. feb19-3t

---

**NOW READY.**—THE HOUSE; a Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture, or How to Build Country Houses and Out-Buildings. Embracing the Art of House Building, Planning, Style and Construction; Designs and Descriptions of Cottages, Farm Houses and Villas, in the different styles of Architecture, &c., &c., with numerous original plans, designed by E. F. Graff, Architect, and others. By the author of "The Garden," "The Farm," "Domestic Animals," &c., &c. Fowler & Wells, Publishers.

No builder or person designing to build, should fail to procure this comprehensive little work. Price by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. A liberal deduction to the trade. JOHN L. CAPEN,
feb19-3t 922 Chestnut St., Phila.

---

**WANTED! AGENTS, EVERYWHERE,** to sell by subscription some of the *best* Religious, Historical and Biographical Books published. Active and industrious Young Men, having but a small capital, will find this business very pleasant, and affording a profit of from $2,00 to $3,00 per day. Our publications are adapted to supply the Literary wants of every family, and contain no objectionable matter whatever.

For full particulars, address

*LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,*
feb19-10t No. 224 N. Second Street, Phila.

---

**OPTICAL AND MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—A large assortment of Spectacles, Spy Glasses, Magic Lanterns, Opera Glasses and Microscopes, Stereoscopes in every riety, with one of the largest assortment o. ews ever offered in Philadelphia, of Groups, ndscapes, Flowers, Shells, &c.—Views on glass, Egypt, Italy, Holy Land, France and America, hite Mountain, Niagara, West Point, and vicini- of Philadelphia.

Cases of Mathematical Drawing Instruments for hools and Engineers—Philosophical Apparatus, ., for sale by JAMES W. QUEEN,
924 Chestnut St., near Tenth.
☞ Catalogues gratis. feb12-5t

---

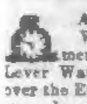
R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

| *For Wigs, Inches.* | *Toupees and Scalps, Inches.* |
|---|---|
| No. 1.—The round of the head. | No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald. |
| 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
| 3.—From ear to ear over the top. | 3.—Over the crown of the head. |
| 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead. | |

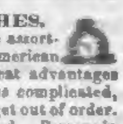
He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies Wigs, half Wigs, Frisets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

---



**AMERICAN WATCHES.**

We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.



CASSIDY & BALL,
ja5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

---

## BOOK AGENTS!

**WANTED,** to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-4f

---

## MOTHERS!

### MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in millions of cases.

Sure to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried

# Wit and Humor.

## "EXCELSIOR:"

RENDERED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.

The shadows of night were comin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As thro' a village a youth did go,
A carryin' a flag with this motto—
Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash,
And he never stopped shoutin' thro' his moustache—
Higher!

He saw thro' the windows as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper,
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'—
Higher!

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman,
"stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top—
You'll tumble off on t'other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied,
Higher!

"Oh! don't you go up such a shocking night.
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clomb,
Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore tree,
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead,
Higher!

About quarter past six the next afternoon,
A man accidentally goin' up, soon
Heard spoken above him as often as twice,
The very same word in a very weak voice,
Higher!

And not far, I believe, from quarter to seven—
He was slow gettin' up, and the road bein' uneven,
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still clutchin' the flag with the motto—
Higher!

Yes, lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his being decidedly out,
On the dreary hillside the youth was a layin',
And there was no more use for him to be sayin'
Higher!

MAKING AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Not many years ago, a young man at a seminary in one of the New England States, was found guilty of disobeying the rules of the school, as he had actually walked with a young lady, contrary to orders previously given, and perfectly well understood!

Mr. Edwards (as we will call him) was accordingly called upon to make acknowledgments before the school, or be expelled.—Whereupon, the said Mr. Edwards arose, and said:—

"I prefer by all means making an acknowledgment, to being expelled from school; and I acknowledge that I walked with the lady mentioned, and with my umbrella protected her from the storm! I also acknowledge that had I not done so, she might have taken cold, and a serious illness, or perhaps a consumption, might have been the result, in which case I should have blamed myself, and my teachers knowing the circumstances, might also have blamed me."

The student resumed his seat with about as strong evidence of contrition in his countenance as was in the confession, and when a proper opportunity occurred, he inquired of one of the teachers how near a young lady a gentleman could walk, and not break the rules of the school.

"Well," said the teacher, "walking a distance of six feet from a lady would not be considered an infringement of our regulations."

Soon after, Mr. Edwards was seen walking leisurely on the common, with a lady, he having hold of one end of a light pole, measuring six feet in length, while his lady had hold of the other end!

As they carried about the stick (which in fact was no impediment to their enjoyment), they chatted and walked and laughed, and walked and laughed and chatted to their hearts' content, but Mr. Edwards was never called upon to make but one acknowledgment.—*Olive Branch.*

A SHORT-METRE PRAYER.—We heard of an old Deacon, (says the Christian Witness,) who, on being asked by his pastor to close a meeting with a *short* prayer, replied, "I am very willing to pray, but don't like to be stinted." The minister mentioned below must have belonged to the same family, we judge, for he had a similar aversion to being straitened in his communion with God. The story has a good moral. The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. Wm. Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived there to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little embarrassed, said to the old Minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he, and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed:

"Oh, Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know that Thou art able to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling Thee our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all a-back, and so was Cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the services in his own way, which he did, to their great edification.

☞ Though you cannot have your cake and eat it, you may have whiskey after it has been drunk. A spirit merchant in Dublin announces in an Irish paper that he has still a small quantity of the whiskey on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

A DISCREET (!) friend having presented Master Tom with a tool-box as a New Year's gift—the furniture is put into thorough repair.

EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.—The steamer Narragansett, which formerly plied between Stonington and New York, was what is called a "crank" boat, and whenever she encountered a sea, would poke her nose under and take it on deck. One night, on her trip to New York, she shipped a heavy sea, which stove some crates of fresh codfish stowed on the forward deck, and bursting in the doors which guarded the main deck, washed in upon the deck passengers, carrying with it an avalanche of fish. "By the holy Saint Patrick!" exclaimed an Emerald Islander, as he surveyed the effects of the wave, "it bates the divil, sure, *how she scoops them up!*"

DIVIDE AND CONQUER.—A young exquisite was listening to a lady friend singing a song, in which the following lines occur:

"By that fair brow where *innocence* reposes,
Like moonlight resting upon snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner rather different from the true version, and not particularly, thus:

"By that fair brow *wherein no sense* reposes,
Like moonlight resting upon snow."

STUART, THE ARTIST.—There are a hundred fine stories told of this eccentric, witty, improvident, but noble artist, Stuart. He was full of genius, but he would not work, or he would have made himself a great master. One day the blunt Dr. Johnson came into West's studio, and addressed something to Stuart. "Why you speak very good English, sir," said the Doctor. "Where did you learn it?" "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it. It was not from your Dictionary." Dr. Johnson had too much sense to be offended.

Stuart read men's characters as easily as he read newspapers. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, Gen. Phippe, who was going to India. When the picture was done, and the General had sailed, Mulgrave came for the price. "This picture looks strange, sir. How is this? I see insanity in that face." "I painted your brother as I saw him." The first account Lord Mulgrave had from his brother was, that his insanity (unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends) had driven him into suicide!

☞ "GENTLE WOMAN EVER KIND."—Dr. Kane relates that when one day, worn out with fatigue, he turned into an Esquimaux hut to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow.

# Agricultural.

## TWO HUNDRED BUSHELS OF CORN PER ACRE.

It has been published—and so far as we can see, duly certified—that Dr. J. W. Parker, of Columbia, S. C., grew in 1855, upon his farm, near that town, two hundred bushels and twelve quarts upon one measured acre of ground, and one hundred and sixteen bushels and six quarts upon another acre. In the report to the State Agricultural Society, Dr. Parker states that the seed selected for planting was from North Carolina, and denominated "Bale Mountain Corn." After soaking it during the night in a strong solution of nitre, it was planted from eight to twelve inches distance in the row, covered with hoes, and the ground rolled, leaving it perfectly level. The land was the border of a small creek, under-drained, and manured in December with twenty-five two-horse loads of cow-house manure, ploughed in and followed by a sub-soil plough drawn by two mules. About the first of March another coat of good stable and cow manure was spread and ploughed in as the first. Early in April three carts load of air-slacked lime and two sacks of salt were spread over each acre and lightly ploughed under. On the 14th of May the ground was thoroughly ploughed with Glaze's large iron plough, harrowed level and laid off thirty inches apart with a shovel plough. Guano and plaster were sprinkled in the furrows, near two hundred pounds of the former and three hundreds pounds of the latter to each acre.

On the 14th of May the corn was ploughed with a long, very narrow plough, and dressed over with hoes. On the 5th and 17th June the same work was repeated, each time leaving the ground level. About the first of July it was necessary to draw a ridge about the roots of the corn to prevent its falling. During a protracted drought acre No. 1 was twice irrigated, and acre No. 2 had the water turned on it once.

The yield of acre No. 1, as before stated, exceeded two hundred bushels. No. 2 was part of it replanted, which the committee say prevented the yield being as large as the other.

True, this crop cost labor and manure, but does it not pay better than the tens of thousands of acres that do not yield ten bushels per acre, for such are as common as blackberries all over the Southern States. The land used being "sandhill brushland," required the high manuring, as it is not naturally fertile enough to produce such crops. The secret, however, is in the under-draining, the frequent ploughing and sub-soiling, and irrigation.—*New England Farmer.*

TO DESTROY MICE.—During the year 1814, and to a certain degree also in the preceding and succeeding years, the forest of Dean and the New Forest in England were visited with an enormous number of mice. They appeared in all parts, but particularly in Haywood enclosure, destroying a very large proportion of the young trees, so much so that only four or five plants to an acre were found uninjured by them.

The roots of five year old oaks and chestnuts were generally eaten through just below the surface of the ground, or wherever their runs proceeded. Sometimes they were found to have barked the young hollies round the bottom, or were seen feeding on the bark of the upper branches. These mice were of two kinds, the common long-tailed field-mouse and the short-tailed. There were about fifty of these latter sort to one of the former. The long-tailed mice had all white breasts, and the tail was about the same length as the body.

These were generally caught on the wet greens in the Forest, and the short-tailed were caught both on the wet and dry grounds. A variety of means were resorted to for their destruction, such as cats, poisons and traps, but with little success. At last, a miner living on Ridge Hills, named Simmons, came forward and said that he had often, when sinking wells or pits, found mice fallen in and dead, in consequence of their endeavors to extricate themselves, and he had little doubt that the same plan would succeed in the Forest.

It was tried, and holes were dug over the enclosures about two feet deep, the same sizes across, and rather hollowed out at the bottom, and at the distance of about twenty yards apart, into which the mice fell, and were unable to get out again. Simmons and others were employed, and paid by the number of tails brought in, which amounted, in the whole, to more than 100,000.

In addition to this, it may be mentioned that polecats, kites, hawks and owls visited the holes regularly, and preyed upon the mice caught in them; and a small owl, called by Pennant, *Strix passerina*, never known in the Forest before or since, appeared at that time, and was particularly active in their destruction. The mice in the holes also ate each other.

CHEAP HOT-BEDS.—The time is pretty near at hand for this work again. How many there are who neglect this useful adjunct to a country home. "Too far away from town—can't get glass," says one—"can't afford it," says another. Very well, here is something cheap enough, and easy enough; yet it will do, we feel very certain. It is from a correspondent of the Valley Farmer:

"My frames are about six feet wide, by sixteen feet long, or just wide enough so that two widths of domestic will cover it, which are sewed together. Have cross-ties on top, just the same as for glass, say every four feet one cross-tie, to hold the frames secure, and keep up the canvas, which is tacked to one by three stuff the length of the frames, the same being a little wider than the frames and allowed to hang over all round. I wished to enlarge my forcing-beds last winter, and happened to try canvas. I prefer it to glass, being cheaper, and easier to handle, and does not break so readily. I shall still enlarge this winter. I give air by raising the lower edge; but it would be better to give air at the upper edge, which I shall try this winter. I did not commence my beds last season until the last of February, but this year I shall commence in January, and believe, by letting the air out at the top, I can start just as early as I could with glass, and have my plants as hardy, and with less attention, than to have glass. I put the oil on the domestic cold; perhaps it might be better to put it on warm. I will try it this season, as I think it will go further; but cold will do. I used linseed oil, and put it on with a paint brush."

March would be quite early enough for northern latitudes. Only fancy what a lot of plants of cabbage, tomato, &c., such a frame would furnish.

CABBAGES FOR CATTLE.—The Worcester Palladium recommends cabbages for cattle as easier raised than roots, and quite as good. For milch cows they work wonders; and the loose leaves may be advantageously plucked to be fed in fall and early winter. In planting, in hoeing, and in gathering, cabbages require less labor than carrots. Of the comparative value of the crops, we are not aware. Raising a patch of cabbages for the cows, however, would "pay" almost any farmer. They have a fine effect upon the quality and quantity of milk.

BEST AGE OF SHEEP FOR MUTTON.—A late English writer, in remarking on this subject, says:—"A sheep to be in high order for the palate of the epicure, should not be killed earlier than when five years old, at which age the mutton will be rich and succulent, of a dark color, and full of the richest gravy; whereas if only two years old, it is flabby, pale and flavorless."

CURE FOR SCRATCHES ON HORSES' FEET.—First wash them clean with castile soap and water—then apply white lead and linseed oil, rubbing it thoroughly in with a brush. One application will commonly effect a cure, but in bad cases two may be necessary.—*Country Gentleman.*

GARGET IN COWS.—Take one quart corn-meal, and six quarts soft water; soak for one hour, stirring occasionally; wash the udder three three times a day, rubbing well with the hand or a soft cloth. I have never known it to fail in twenty years.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE NEW BORN AND THE DEAD.—Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following curious remarks: "I have had occasion to observe some infants, immediately on their births, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after, this resemblance almost entirely disappeared; the influence of the air and food, and probably the change of posture, has so altered the design of the face, that you could have believed it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die, the one at six weeks, and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after their death they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked, and more terse than that of the living."

ANECDOTE.—Prof. Jacob Grimm relates the following anecdote:—

"Not long ago, a little girl of about eight years old, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the 'Herr Professor.' Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant shows her into the study of the Professor, who receives her kindly, and asks after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes, and says, 'Is it thou who hast written those fine Marchen?' (fairy tales.) 'Yes, my dear,' answers Dr. Grimm, 'my brother and I have written the Haus Marchen.' 'Then thou hast also written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a thaler?' 'Yes, I have written that, too.' 'Well, then, I do not believe it, and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-by.' The *savant*, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her home safely."

CONSOLATION FOR THE MILLION.—My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if, at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, whilst Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night—console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you appear now at eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach and six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of your life. You will have to forego no long-accustomed homage, you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom, cobwebs, within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely and to let. You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy.—*Thackeray.*

☞ Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one thing you must buy ten or more that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

# Useful Receipts.

A HANDY COVER FOR THE FLOUR BARREL.—Housekeepers generally cover their barrel of flour with a cloth loosely thrown over the top, for protection from dust, &c., consequently it is always coming off, and mice are not kept out of the barrel. To prevent this annoyance, take the top hoop, after the head of the barrel is removed, and sew in white cloth; it makes a nice, convenient, and firm cover, thus protecting the flour from dirt and vermin.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO CLEAN SADDLES.—Deer's suet is the best thing to put on saddles, taking care to use little, and to rub it on often, as it does not grease, but gives a gloss, and keeps out the wet. This is what the best kind of leather is finished with. Rain does harm to saddles; but this cannot be avoided; and unnecessary sponging them (which is habitual with some grooms) every time they are used, is equally injurious. The splashes may be taken off with very little water. For brown harness, the common yellow soap is good, if used often, and in small quantity, and well rubbed off.—*London Field.*

CURRANT AND TOMATO VINEGAR.—I wish to tell you how and of what I make vinegar. Last year, for trial, I took 14 lbs. of currants, mashed them as for wine, put them into a tub, and put two or three pails of water to them. Then let them stand several days, stirring it two or three times a day. After standing so several days, I strained or pressed it, and with molasses enough to make it as sweet as new cider, I had 10 gallons. I put it into a keg, and did not open it till December, when I found it to be as good vinegar as was ever made.

I use the pomace of the currant and grape for vinegar. After getting out the juice for wine, put the pomace back into the tub, and put water to it; stir it up, and jam it up; let it stand, if it sours in the tub, as well as if after pressing out the juice. Then I sweeten it till it tastes about like good apple juice just from the press.

Last summer I saw a recipe for making tomato wine. The writer remarked what a blessing it would be to the west if vinegar could be made from them. I knew that any fruit or berry that would make wine, would make vinegar. I tried a little for wine and vinegar. I made but a few gallons for vinegar, and let it stand in an open cask, and it is now good vinegar. Do not forget the sweetening. After this had stood a few weeks, I thought it was not sweet enough, so I sweetened it more. I also use the lees of my wine for vinegar; put water to it, stir it, and break it up well; judge by the taste when you get water enough in. I do not leave but little of the wine taste; sometimes I sweeten it more. Put the muddy looking stuff into a barrel; it will settle clear, and make as good vinegar as cider.

The 10 gallons of vinegar that I made from 14 lbs. currants, ought to have been increased to 12—it was too strong. The vinegar I make from the pomace and lees, more than pays the manufacture of the wine.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two ounces of common soda, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk; sift them through a fine sieve, and mix them with water; then rub the mixture well all over the marble, and the stains will be moved; now wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was previous to its being stained. Sometimes the marble is stained yellow with iron-rust; this can be removed with lemon-juice.

CURE OF RLOPING COWS.—An agricultural paper thus gives a milkman's experience:—"If a cow gets in the habit of starting off, I hold on to the teats as hard as I can, which soon cures her of that caper."

# The Riddler.

## CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 8, 3, 11, 1, 14, 20, is a Representative from New York.
My 2, 23, 17, 25, 19, 11, is a Representative from Ohio.
My 5, 10, 20, 9, 6, 21, is a Representative from Connecticut.
My 13, 21, 10, 23, 7, 20, is a Representative from New Jersey.
My 22, 14, 9, 17, 3, is a Representative from Alabama.
My 2, 12, 18, 25, is a Representative from Georgia.
My 16, 21, 24, 3, is a Representative from Pennsylvania.
My 15, 5, 11, 4, 16, is a Representative from North Carolina.
My whole is a great convenience to the people of the United States. MACKENZIE.
Warren, Pa.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. LANAHAN M.

I.

My first is an animal, gentle and kind,
An animal ready and willing to mind.
He lies at our door and he watches with care,
And woe to the burglar who then ventures there.

II.

When the winds of the winter blow chilling and cold,
And folks are in blankets and overcoats rolled,
On the fire my second is frequently cast,
To drive from our houses the chill of the blast.

III.

My whole is oft seen in the forest and field,
Of flowers it offers a glorious yield;
But also for the odor they give!—at the best
It is not very pleasant, you'll own when you've guessed.
Tiffin, Ohio.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Nine letters and syllables, one more than three,
If you put it in right order my name you will see.
My 7, 2 and 3 will recall to your mind
An old priest whose name in the Bible you'll find.
My 9, 7, 5, 8, on a fine summer's day,
Will make itself felt as you trudge on your way.
Then if weary and tired you your strength would revive,
I advise for you strongly my 8, 1 and 5.
But some there may be who would turn this to fun,
And the preference give to my 6, 2 and 1;
My 8, 5, 6, 2, 7, has attraction for most,
And few of us like to be missed from the Post.
If ingenious and true you will surely despise
My 2, 3 and 7, for to do so is wise.
My 7, 5 and 8, we must do, you and I,
When you read me this riddle you soon will see why;
Though my 8, 3 and 7, you will fail to untie—
Saying which for the present I bid you good-by.
Naples, Scotts Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A circular belt as ancient as time,
In which the planets all are found;
You'll first transpose, erase the O's,
And then a city you'll disclose,
Which stands upon European ground.
Eureka, Iowa. SHYLOCK.

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has an equilateral garden, each side of which measures 600 feet. Somewhere within this garden there stands a tower, perpendicular to the horizon. Now a line extending from the first corner of the garden to the top of the tower measures 300 feet; a line extending from the second corner of the garden to the top of the tower measures 400 feet, and a line reaching from the third corner of the garden to the top of the tower measures 500 feet. I would like to know the height of this tower, and the distance of its base from each corner of the garden.

An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double? Ans.—The letter O.

☞ Why must the letter R be always in confusion? Ans.—Because it is in the midst of a labyRinth.

☞ Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Ans.—Because it's inconstant.

☞ What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? Ans.—*The window.*

## CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hoop for the barrel of a gun.
A plant raised from the seed of virtue.
A coffin for a dead wall.
Spectacles for the eyes of a mole.
A handle for a blade of grass.
A pencil used by a horse in drawing a cart.
Francesville, Ind. R. E. S.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Fountain of the Cybde, Madrid, Spain. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The American Treaty of Japan. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The human heart. CHARADE—Friendship. RIDDLE—Learning. CHARADE—A tea pot. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—83 19-52.

☞ AN ACCOMPLISHED COURTIER.—A story is told of one of the Lieutenant-Governors of Agra, who took much interest in native Indian schools. One day he was examining a remarkably clever *protege* before some friends. After several other questions, he asked the boy, "What makes the earth go round the sun?" and was told, "The earth revolves by *the favor of your Highness.*"

☞ We always like those who admire us, but we do not always like those whom we admire.—*Rochefaucault.*